





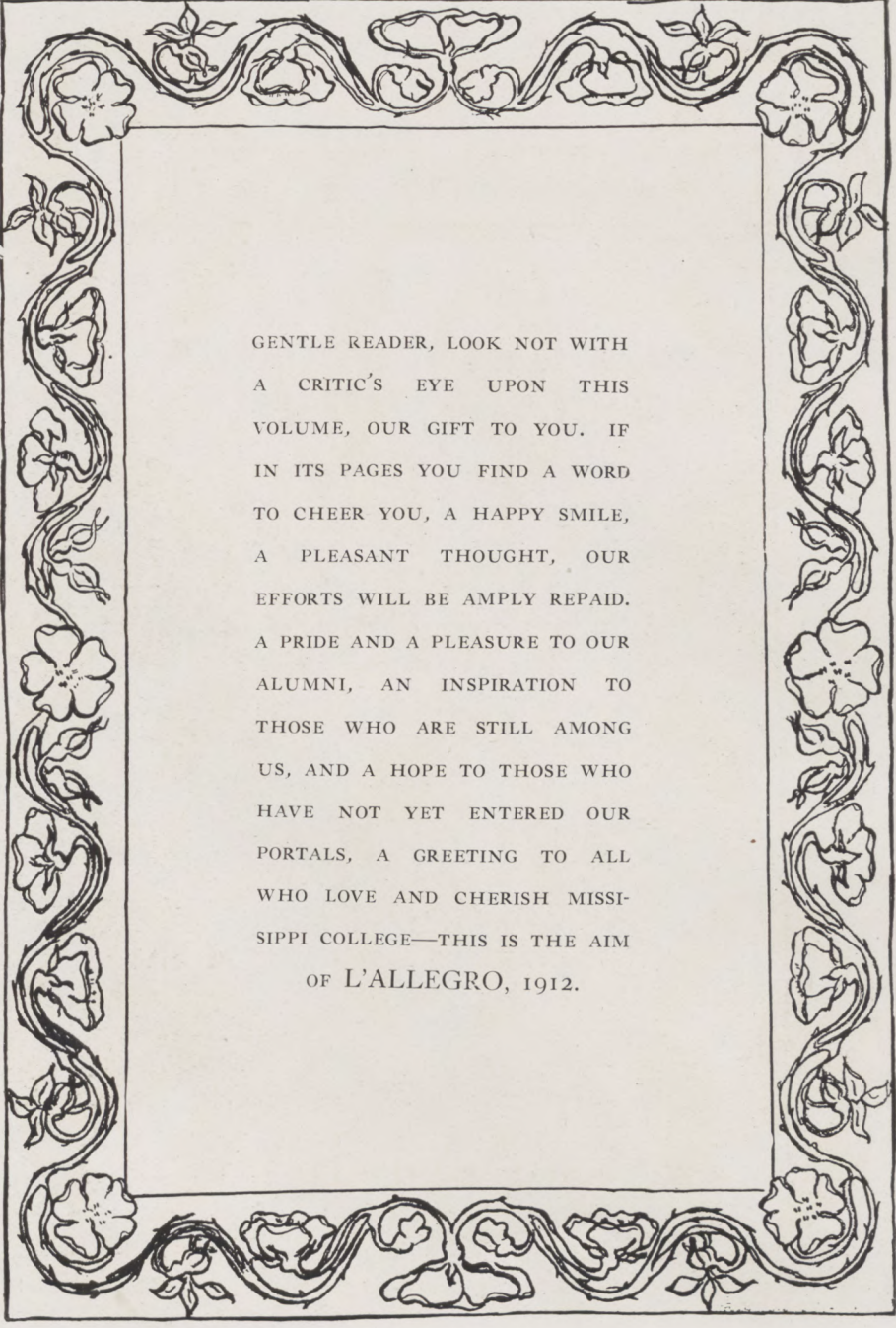
L'ALLEGRO

VOLUME VI

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF MISSISSIPPI
COLLEGE, CLINTON, MISSISSIPPI



MCMXII



GENTLE READER, LOOK NOT WITH
A CRITIC'S EYE UPON THIS
VOLUME, OUR GIFT TO YOU. IF
IN ITS PAGES YOU FIND A WORD
TO CHEER YOU, A HAPPY SMILE,
A PLEASANT THOUGHT, OUR
EFFORTS WILL BE AMPLY REPAID.
A PRIDE AND A PLEASURE TO OUR
ALUMNI, AN INSPIRATION TO
THOSE WHO ARE STILL AMONG
US, AND A HOPE TO THOSE WHO
HAVE NOT YET ENTERED OUR
PORTALS, A GREETING TO ALL
WHO LOVE AND CHERISH MISSI-
SIPPI COLLEGE—THIS IS THE AIM
OF L'ALLEGRO, 1912.

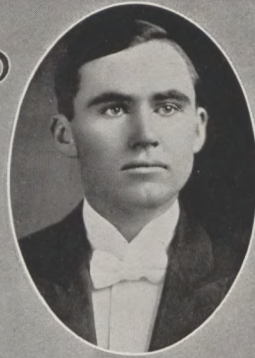


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L'ALLEGRO



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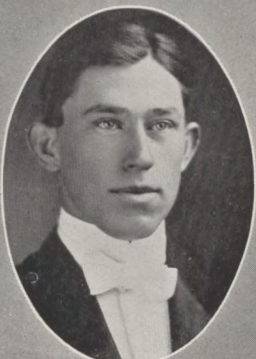
1912



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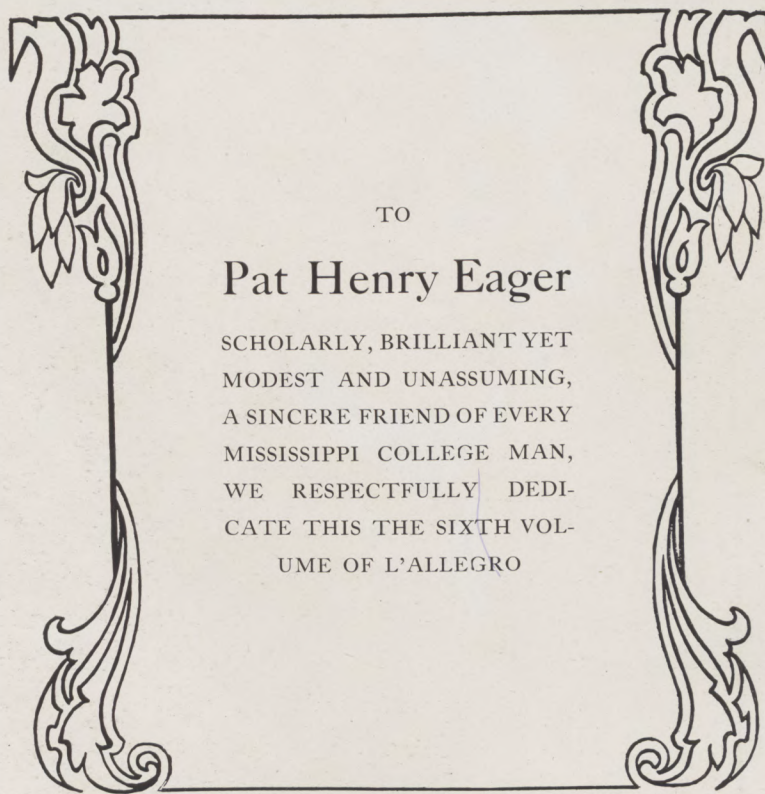
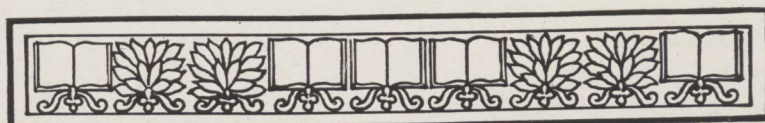


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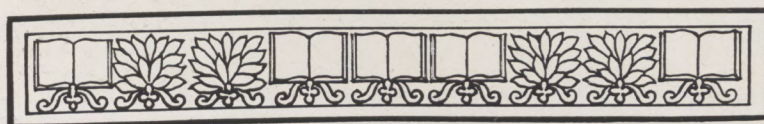
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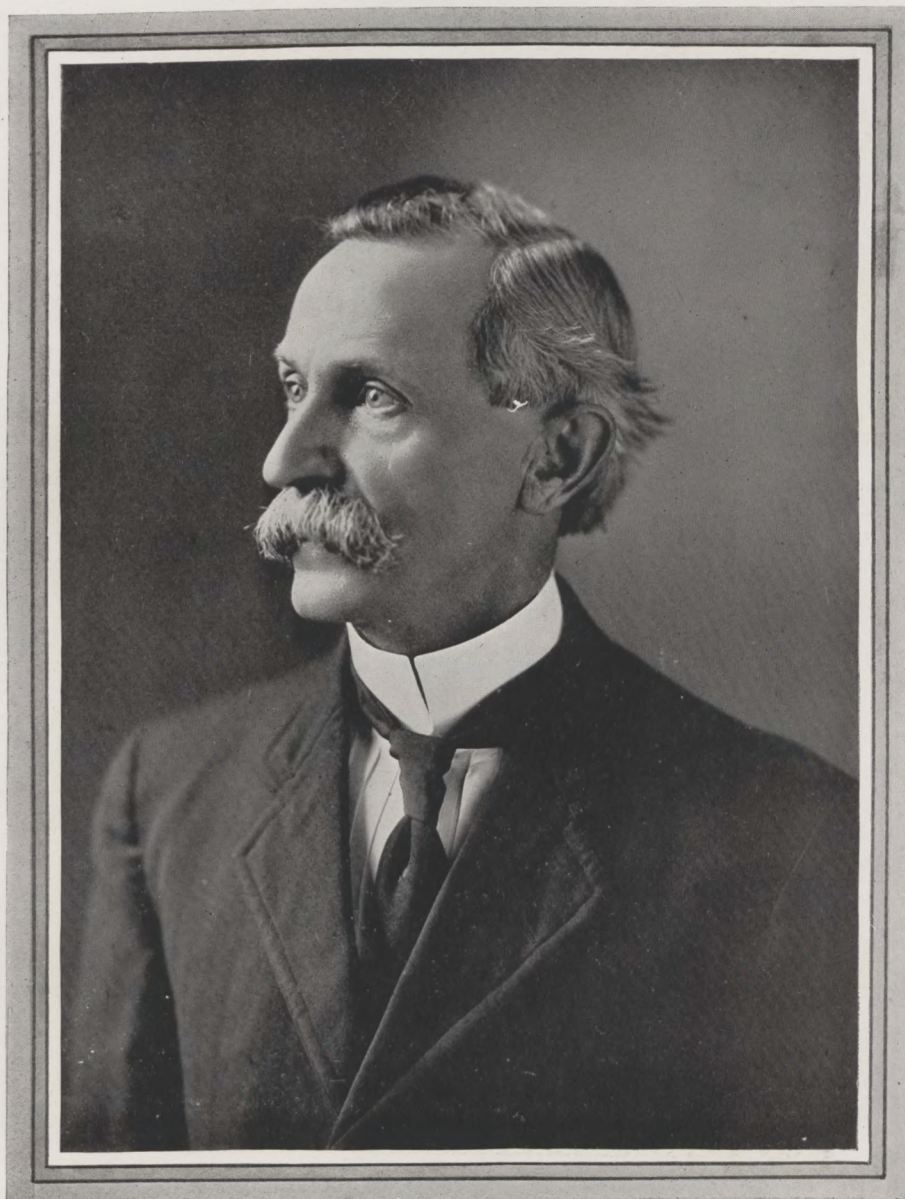


TO

Pat Henry Eager

SCHOLARLY, BRILLIANT YET
MODEST AND UNASSUMING,
A SINCERE FRIEND OF EVERY
MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE MAN,
WE RESPECTFULLY DEDI-
CATE THIS THE SIXTH VOL-
UME OF L'ALLEGRO





PAT HENRY EAGER



Professor P. H. Eager

THE gentleman whose name graces this page and to whom this issue of the Annual is dedicated is Mississippi's own son, whose parents, however, were from New England, connected on both sides with the best people and the best traditions. His father was one of the best known and best loved ministers among Mississippi Baptists. His brothers are today, like himself, in the foremost ranks among the King's noblemen.

He early entered Mississippi College, where there are still echoes of his ringing oratory in the old chapel, and old friends recall that his voice commanded universal admiration and envy. He served as Anniversarian of his Society both in Mississippi College and in Richmond College, Virginia, being an alumnus of both institutions. He was also Valedictorian in a class made up of such men as Dr. B. D. Gray, Judge George Anderson and Professor J. W. Granberry. His love of study has gone with him through his life and developed literary tastes which make association with him a joy and an inspiration. He enjoys living in one of the largest and best private libraries in the state.

After completing his course he set aside his expectation of entering upon the practice of law, believing his life could be worth more to the world in the work of Christian education; and this belief has been corroborated by subsequent events, as his services have been sought as have been these of few among us. He has been offered at various times the presidency of the following colleges: The Judson in Alabama, Brownsville Female College in Tennessee, Baylor College in Texas, and Mississippi College, besides a chair in the University of Mississippi on two different occasions. He served at Brownsville, Tennessee, building a successful school out of fragments, at Baylor in Texas, establishing a curriculum on an equality with that of male colleges, and as Professor of Philosophy in the University of Mississippi. But his heart has been in Mississippi College and the larger part of his time has been here, serving for a while as Acting President.

His studious habits, love of language, and sympathy with the English classics have enriched his own mind, chastened his thought and speech, and made him the peer of any in the instruction and inspiration of young men. Culture has been broadened by travel in Europe and the East, and he has made a study from personal observation of colleges in this



country North and East. But, after all, it is not the position one holds, the books he has read, the distinction he has attained, but the quality of manhood on the inside. The historian or biographer may give you all the names and dates and outward incidents, but these are not the measure of the man. You may know all these, but not know the man himself. To appreciate this friend of ours, you must take a photograph of the soul, and see a spirit royal in its sense of honor, as transparent as a maiden in its purity, as susceptible as an artist to the beautiful, as responsive as the most delicate musical instrument to the touch of friendship, as passionate as a devotee in his love of the true, and as clear as a cameo in his portrayal of them all.

With justice and pride he points to the little woman by his side, Mrs. Mary Whitfield Eager, and says, "If you can find anything worthy in me, she did it."

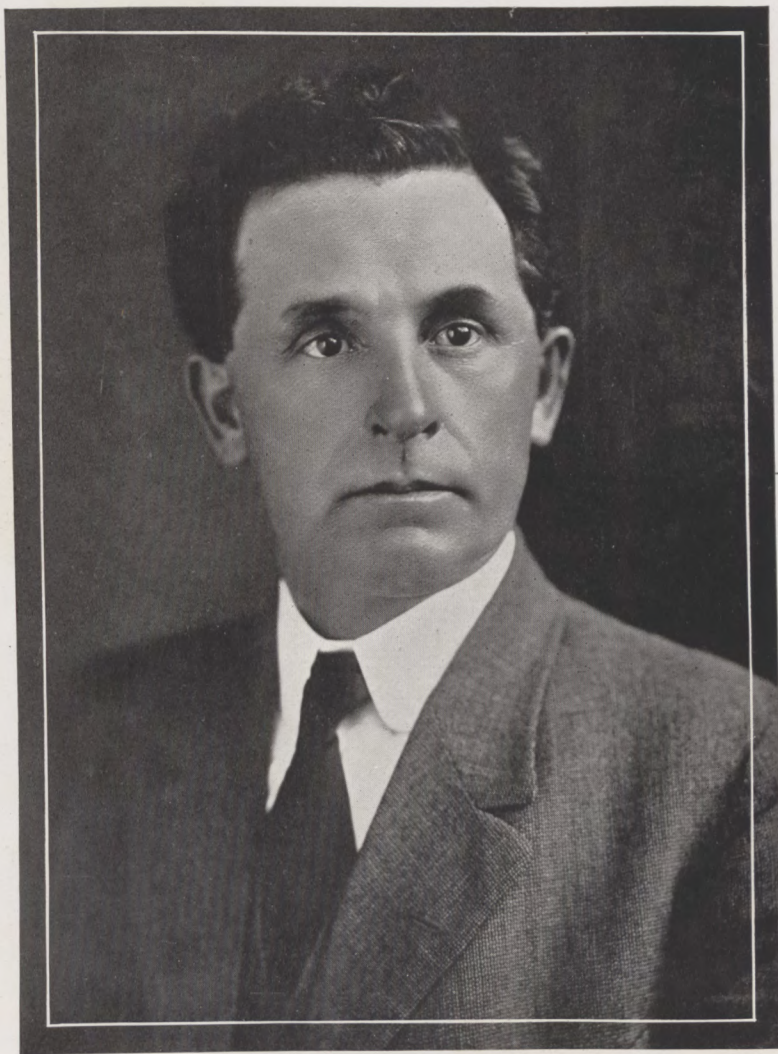
P. I. L.



The Cow Slips Away

The tall pines pine,
The pawpaws pause,
And the bumble-bee bumbles all day;
The eavesdropper drops,
And the grasshopper hops,
While gently the cow slips away.

—Ben King.



PRESIDENT JOHN WILLIAM PROVINE, M. A., PH. D., LL. D.

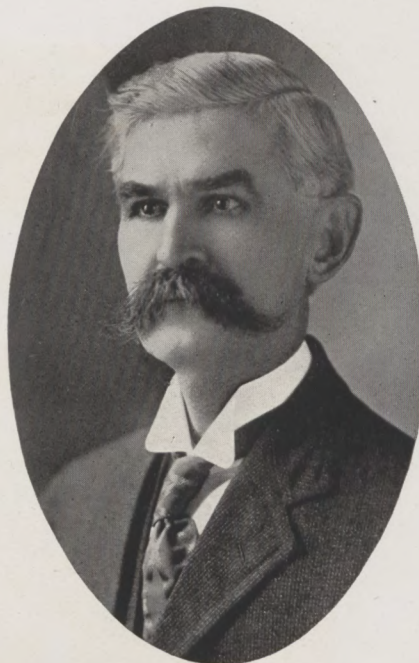
B. S., University of Mississippi, 1888; A. M., *ibid.*, 1890; Ph. D., Goettingen, 1892; Fellow in Chemistry, University of Mississippi, 1888-90; Chairman of the Faculty of Mississippi College, 1895-97; President of Mississippi College, 1911-

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ALGERNON JASPER AVEN, M. A.

Professor of Latin.

A. B. University of Mississippi, 1884; M. A., *ibid.*, 1889; Principal of Coles Creek Academy, 1884-'85; Principal Winona Male Academy, 1885-'89; Professor of English Mississippi College, 1889-'90; Graduate Student University Chicago, Summers of 1894 and 1895.



PORTER WALKER BERRY, M. A.

Assistant in Mathematics.

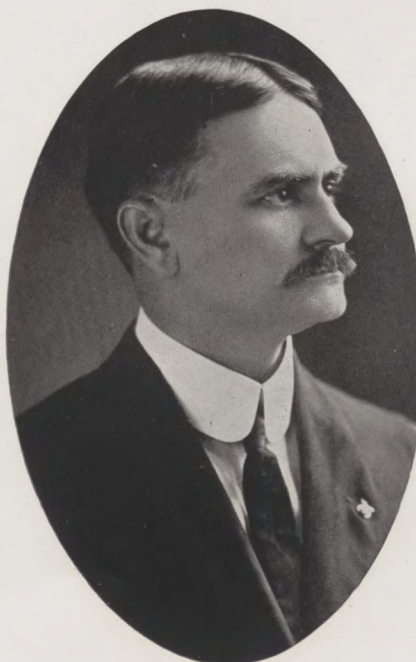
B. S. Mississippi College; Principal Hickory High School, 1903; Principal Ackerman High School, 1906; Graduate Student University of Chicago, Summer Terms, 1907-'08.

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EDGAR GODBOLD, B. S.
Professor of Zoology, Botany, Geology and
Physics.

Principal Lawrence County High School,
1905-'07; Graduate Student University of
Chicago, 1907-'08.



J. L. JOHNSON, JR., M. A.
Professor of Modern Languages.

A. B. University of Mississippi; M. A.
Mississippi College, 1902; Tutor of Mathe-
matics University of Mississippi, 1895;
President of Hearn Academy, 1906; Super-
intendent of Jackson Georgia Public Schools,
1897-1900; Principal of Tenth Street
School, Columbus, Ga., 1901; Vice-Presi-
dent Hillman College, 1906; Student in
Paris and Berlin.

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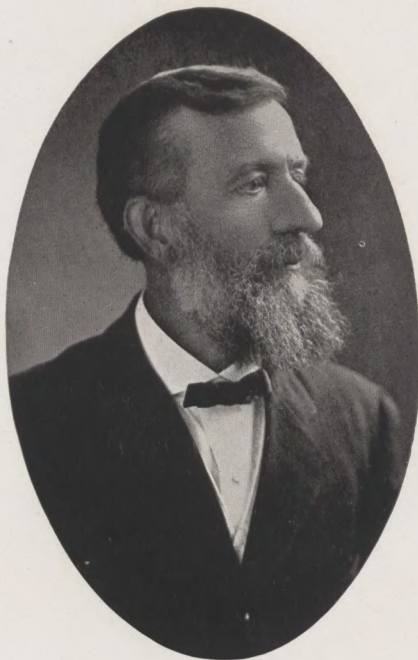
MURRAY LATIMER, M. A.
Professor of Greek.

A. B. and B. S. Mississippi College, 1897; M. A., *ibid.*, 1898; Student of University of Chicago, Summer Terms, 1898-1900.



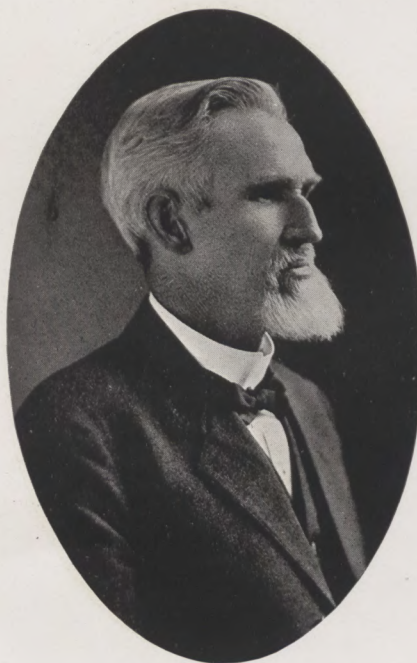
D. M. NELSON, B. S.
Principal, Preparatory Department

Graduated from Mississippi College 1907; Principal Pearlhaven School, 1907-'08; Principal Grange Hall, 1908-'09-'10; Studied Law in Chicago University; Practiced Law One Year in Brookhaven, Miss.; Graduate Student of University of Chicago, Summers of 1909 and 1911.



JAMES MADISON SHARP, B. A.
Professor of Mathematics.

A. B. University of Mississippi, 1875;
Principal Live Oak High School, Colorado
County, Texas, 1875-'76; First Assistant
Peabody School, Summit, Miss., 1876-'77;
Principal of McCarthy and Jefferson
Schools, New Orleans, La., 1877-'80;
Principal of McComb City High Schools,
1880-'82; Principal Preparatory and Com-
mercial School, Mississippi College, 1882-
'90; Principal of Capital Commercial Col-
lege, 1890-'93.



HENRY F. SPROLES, D. D.
Professor of Bible and Assistant in Latin.

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary;
D. D., Mississippi College.

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W. H. WEATHERSBY, M. A.
Assistant in English.

A. B. Mississippi College; M. A., *ibid.*;
Principal Tylertown High School, 1901;
Principal Little Springs High School, 1901-
'05; Institute Summer School, 1902-'04;
Graduate Student University Chicago, Sum-
mer Term, 1907-'08-'10.



J. T. WALLACE, M. A.
Professor of History.

B. S. University of Mississippi; M. A.,
ibid.; Principal Louisville High School;
Principal Tupelo High School; Preparatory
Department of Mississippi College.

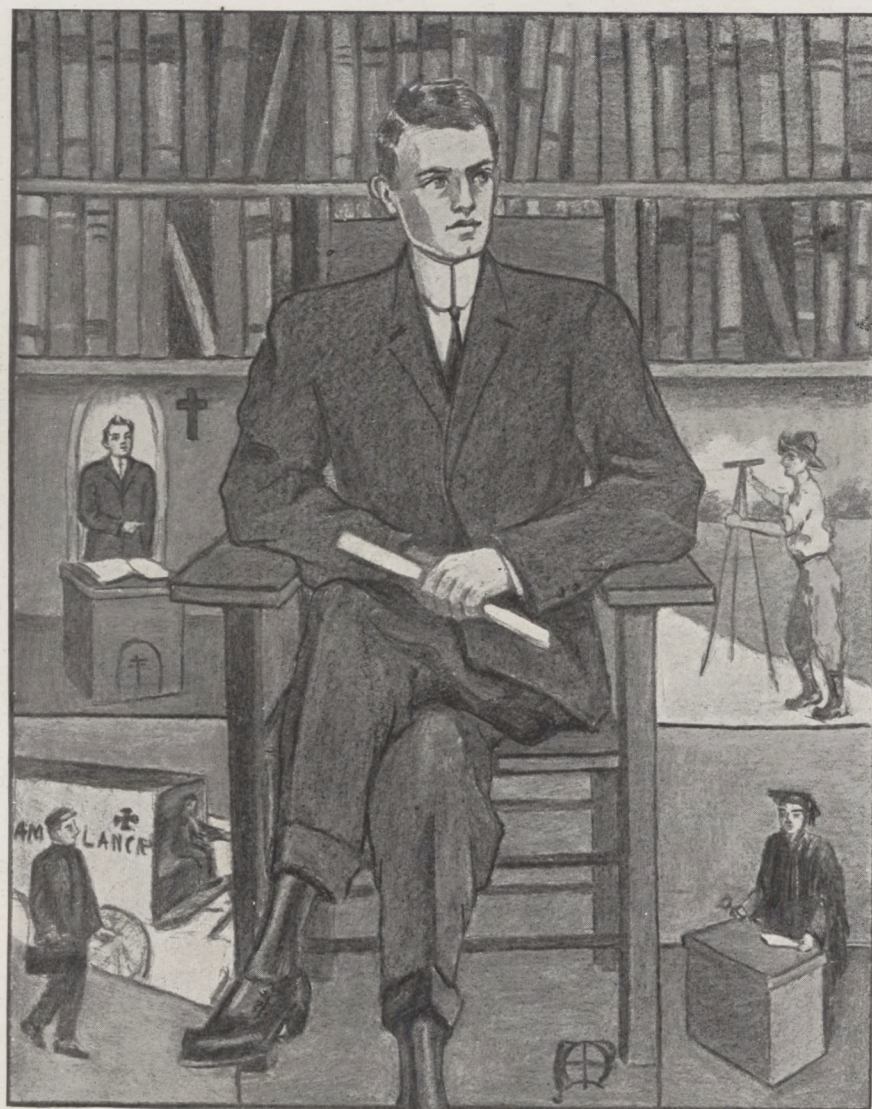




INTERIOR OF CHAPEL BUILDING.



"Do this sound like extravagance."—Shows.



SENIOR



Officers of Senior Class

COLORS

Lavender and White

MOTTO

Semper Paratus

ANDERSON, W. H.	President
BRENT, J. C.	Vice-President
JENNINGS, D. B.	Secretary and Treasurer

I'll "be jimmy" if that isn't a huckleberry beyond my persimmon.—"Dutchy."

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WILLIAM HENRY ANDERSON, B. A.
Dumas, Miss.

*"Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame."*

"Wick" is one of the brainiest men in the class and behind his ready smile we know there lies a steadiness of purpose and a determination which can bring a man of his sterling worth nothing but success.

Philo. Sec., '08; Philo. Treas., '09; Class Historian, '09-'10; Pres. Class, '11-'12; Debating Council, '11-'12; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Conference; Pres. Y. M. C. A., '11-'12; L'Allegro Staff, '11-'12.

JAMES CLYDE BRENT, B. S.
Silver Creek, Miss.

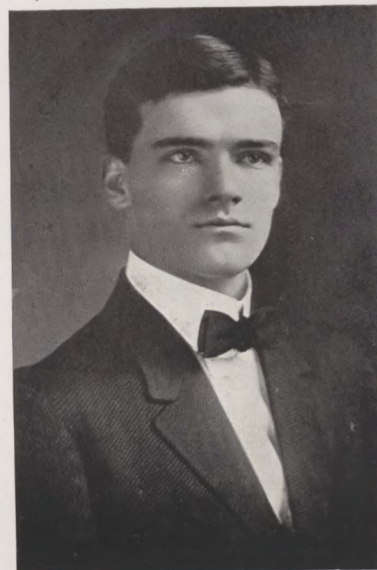
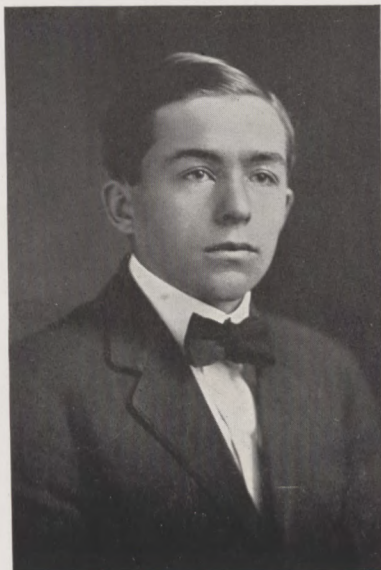
*"Take him for all and all, you will
not find his like again."*

In stature small, morally and mentally a giant. Retiring in manners, considerate toward his dangerous rival, and pleasant always. His untiring efforts and various college activities have proven him a friend to the student body second to none.

Treas. Sophomore Class; Treas. Hermenians; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Pres. Hermenians; Pres. B. Y. P. U.; Treas. Y. M. C. A.; Vice-Pres. Class, '11-'12; Second Orator Hermenians; Local Editor Magazine, '11-'12.

"One more kiss, French, and we go to sleep."—Hailey.

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J. T. CASSEY, JR., PH. B.
Clinton, Miss.

*"Look cheerfully upon me, love;
thou seest how diligent I am."*

Although rather "petite" physically, he is great in mind. He finishes with a good record. Noted for undying devotion for his Alma Mater, he is the faculty's delight and especially of the department of Philosophy. The future has good things in store for him.

RANDAL EUSTAS DEES, B. S.
Crystal Springs, Miss.

*"O bliss is mine, for into my joyless
life a woman has come."*

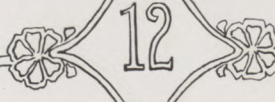
In his Senior year, Randal makes his debut in society and in this as in all other things ranks high. In manners reserved, intellect comprehensive, character pure.

Tennis Team, '09-'10; Track Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Mgr. Track Team, '11-'12; Class Football, '09-'10; Capt. Class Football, '10-'11; Mgr. Class Football, '11-'12; Class Basketball, '11-'12; Varsity Football, '11-'12. Distinction.



Dig, dig, dig, assiduously, I say, dig.—Wallace.

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OTTO PEMPLETON ESTES, B. A.
White House, Tenn.

"She loves me best whene'er I sing."

A purer character, a more unselfish public servant, a more faithful workman, a more honorable man and loyal member of our student body has not been found than him we herewith present. In him a true man has honored us. May he live in the future as he has lived with us.

Chorus Leader; Representative to Miss. Prohib. Convention.

LAWRENCE RUSSELL ELLZEY, B. A.
Wesson, Miss.

*"True as a needle to a pole,
Or as a dial to the sun."*

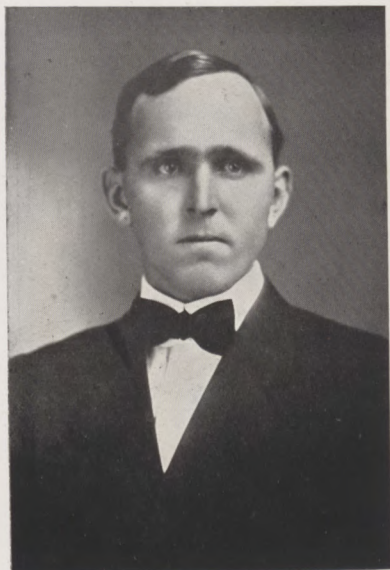
"Turkey" "Crook" is one of the foremost men in the class of '12,—prominent in every phase of college life. A true-hearted, congenial friend; a brilliant student; an enthusiastic participant in athletics of every kind; an honest, upright example of genteel manhood.

Varsity Basketball, '08-'09, '11-'12; Manager Basketball, '11-'12; Class Baseball, '08-'12; Class Football, '10-'12; Capt. Class Baseball, '11-'12; L'Allegro Staff.



"Wanted: A mother-in-law."—Prof. Nelson.

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WILLIAM EDWARD FORTENBERRY,
B. S.
Arm, Miss.

"Men of few words are the best."

Unpretentious and unassuming, an incessant worker in the classroom and in his study. Never heard to speak harshly about his fellow men. Strong of will and determined to make good. He thinks more than he talks—happy faculty to possess. "Of manners gentle"—characteristic of a strong man and a safe friend.

Junior Football Team, '10-'11;
Sec. Hermenians.

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON GRESHAM,
B. A.
Clinton, Miss.

"A soul of power, a well of lofty thought."

A better student than Gresham is not to be found. He stands at the head in the class room and by no means at the bottom in the hearts of his fellow students. He is a brilliant yet quiet and unassuming Christian gentleman in every respect. Surely his efforts in the ministry will be crowned with glorious success.

President Theologs; Distinction.

"The gayest flirt that ever coached it around the town."—J. C. Stanley.

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BARNEY LEE GRICE, B. A.
Brookhaven, Miss.

"With tongue of silver and frame of iron."

The particular characteristic of Barney is his love for athletics, shown by both football and circus fame. He is a good student, but a greater admirer of the fair sex.

'Varsity Football, '07-'08, '11-'12; Class Baseball, '07-'08; Director of Gymnasium Club.

LEE DAVIS HALL, B. A.
Lumberton, Miss.

"So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship."

Lee has a world of hidden powers which burst forth occasionally in great feats of action and oratory. He has a keen intellect, a great soul, a loyal heart, a more loyal student we never had. He is never too weary to help his fellows. The profession of law claims him as one of our most brilliant.

Vice-Pres. Bar Assn., '11-'12; Vice-Pres. Soph., '10-'11; Class Football, '11-'12; Atty. and Pres. Philo., '11-'12; First Orator Philo., '11-'12; Varsity Debating Team; Local Editor Mag., '11-'12; Sr. Baseball.

"We'll toot 'em up tonight, Kid."—"Crook" St. John.

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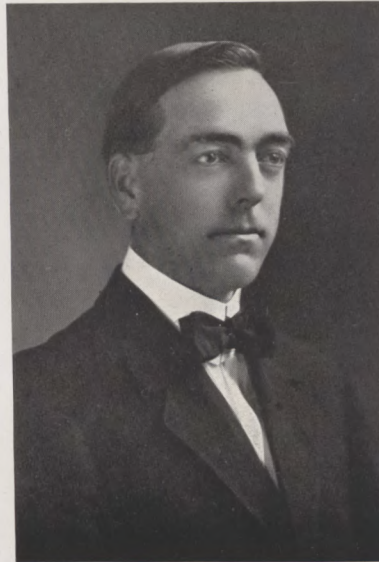


DAVID BUFORD JENNINGS, PH. B.
Greenwood, Miss.

"I cannot understand; I love."

His greatest sources of pleasant retrospection are the many late hours he has spent poring over books, the few times he has lain in bed during breakfast and chapel and his infrequent visits to Canton. He is very ambitious—to please Dr. Sproles and to hold a warm place in Prof. Wallace's heart.

Sec. and Treas. Senior Class, '11-'12.



WILMER THOMAS LAMBERT, B. A.
Monticello, Miss.

*"His smile doth beam
E'en as the sun upon a summer day."*

A more worthy champion optimism never had than "Sue." Rain or sunshine he is your friend, a loyal supporter of every phase of college life, and a gentleman in every sense. His languid eyes burn with enthusiasm at the mere mention of Greek. He swears that he never possessed the genuine article, love, and we swear that he never will.

Pres. Hermenians; Critic Hermenians; Chief Editor of Magazine.

"Bellow, my babe, lie still and sleep."—Little Bill.

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EMMETT MARION LEWIS, PH. B.

*"By time and toil we sever
What strength and rage could never."*

Having begun to teach early in life, Lewis has been pursuing this, his chosen profession, for a number of years. He is a thorough student and familiar with the affairs of men. Notwithstanding he has spent much time outside during the regular session, he will receive a diploma backed up by a good record. He was happily married to Miss Myrtle Roberts in 1909, since when we have noticed a marked improvement in him.

NATHANIEL GARROW MAYHALL,
B. S.

Gloster, Miss.

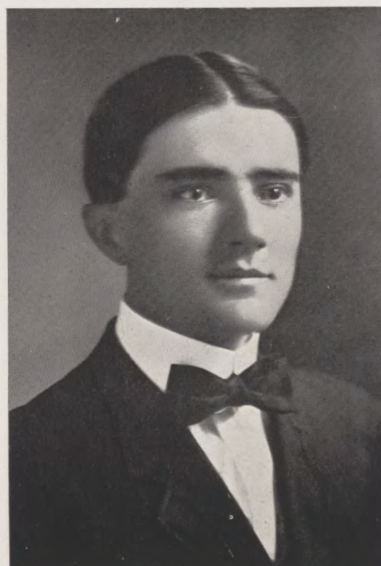
*"I wish your fate may yield to ye,
when she chooses,
The fame you envy. * * *"*

An all-round college man, interested in every phase of college work; an ardent supporter of athletics, a thorough student, an original thinker, a logical debater, an able writer, and a true gentleman in every respect.

Fall Orator, '10; Junior Medal, '11; Chautauqua Representative, '11; Pres. Philos., '11-'12; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., '11-'12; Mgr. Tennis, '11-'12; C. E. Mag., '11-'12; Anniversarian; Distinction.

"Madam, I swear I use no art."—Luke Wallace.

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12



V. G. MARTIN, B. A.
Daniel, Miss.

*"Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed."*

"G" is a very resolute and determined fellow, always ready to contribute more than his share to any phase of college life. He also possesses his quota of the gentler qualities which make him a subject of admiration for the fair sex. The neigh of the horse, the low of the cow, the bleat of the sheep find a responsive chord in his agriculturist heart.

Second Orator Philos, '12; Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Scrub Basketball, '11-'12; Mgr. Class Baseball, '11-'12; Vice-Pres. Philos, '11-'12.

TOMMIE ALBERT MIDDLETON, B. A.
Caseyville, Miss.

*"Rises early, studies late,
Works all day with book and slate."*

By nature when I came to college I refused to apply my mind to books, choosing rather to answer from common sense than to suffer the toils of study for passes.

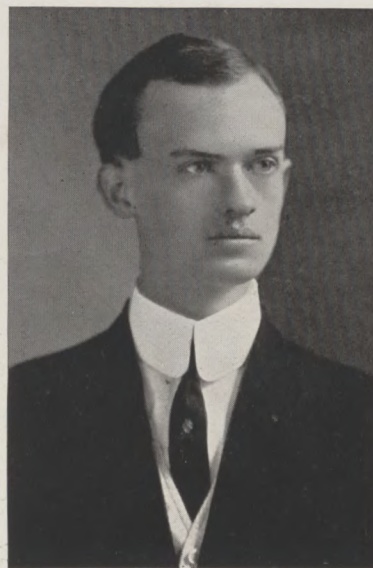
"Pole" Middleton.

A genial companion and a loyal friend.

State Medal, High Jump, '09-'10, '10-'11; Track Team Four Years; Class Football Three Years; All Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12.

"Born to feast and not to fight."—Jennings.

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12



BENJAMIN STOVALL MILAM, PH. B.
Leland, Miss.

"Rome disappoints me still; but I shrink and adapt myself to it."

"Stokes" is a "born manager" and as such he is easily a leader among his classmates. He is usually happy when not under the spell of "the glooms" which exams and other trifles sometimes subject him to. He'll manage "The Cubs" some day.

Asst. Baseball Mgr., '10-'11; Mgr. Baseball, '11-'12; L'Allegro Staff; Class Baseball, '07-'08, '08-'09; Class Football, '09-'10; 'Varsity Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.

SOWELL GORDON POPE, PH. B.
Cato, Miss.

"Thou hast a voice like the sounding sea."

Pope is a friend to his fellows and withal a Christian gentleman. He has had thrust upon him every honor his literary society has to bestow on one of her members. He represents his Alma Mater in oratory at the inter-collegiate meet this year. Being blessed with a broad vocabulary and a logical mind, well balanced with good common sense, he is a man of power. He is devoting his life to the ministry.

Pres. Hermenian, '11-'12; Anniversary, '11-'12; C. E. Mag., '08-'09.

"Believe me, Bo, I've got twenty suits and forty-seven neckties."—McClellan.

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12



PAUL GREEN POPE, B. A.
Aberdeen, Miss.

"* * * ye are wonderous strong
Yet lovely in your strength."

A lover of the true and a champion of the right. He possesses a fine physique and well trained intellect and is thoroughly equipped for a brilliant success.

Vice-Pres. of Freshman Class; Varsity Basketball, '08-'09-'10; Track Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Class Football, '11-'12; Mgr. Class Basketball, '11-'12; Pres. Philos; Third Orator Philos' Anniversary; Member Debating Team.

CEDRIC DODDS PRICE, B. S.
Wesson, Miss.

"In gold a pauper,
In love a king."

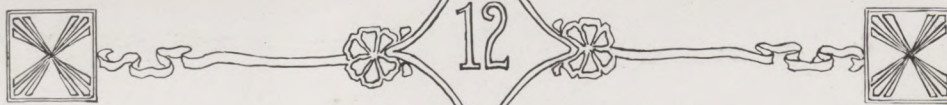
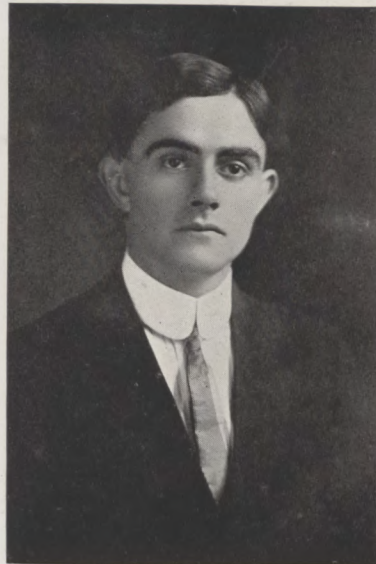
In mathematics "Ted" is a star and probably will soon be the editor of "Popular Mechanics." His distinguishing characteristic in his accommodating disposition. His intellect is by no means exceeded by his good looks.

Pedigree withheld.



"I to myself am dearer than a friend."—Thames.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



HOYT ECHOLS PORTER, B. A.
Oakland, Miss.

"Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character."

No diploma will represent more earnest plodding or more brilliant success than the one Hoyt receives this year. Undaunted courage and thorough work are his chief characteristics.

He is prominent with the religious phase of college life, having served as Sec. of Y. M. C. A. and Pres. of B. Y. P. U. He will be a missionary.

HORACE RUSSELL, B. A.
Puckett, Miss.

"One who never turns his back, but marches breast forward."

Many consider Horace the best all-round man in the class. Suffice it to say, he has but few equals. "Pompadour" is noted for his genial disposition, his loyal spirit, his logical mind, and his chaste character. The bar does well to claim his future life.

Class Football, '09-'10; 'Varsity Football, '11-'12; Class Baseball, '09-'10; 'Varsity Basketball, '10-'11, '11-'12; Pres. Philo; Track Team, '10-'11; Exchange Editor Magazine; Distinction.

"I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas, it was she."—Ed Melton.

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12



JAMES ROGER STANLEY, B. A., '11.
Booneville, Miss.

"The mildest manners, the gentlest heart."

Roger is one who "for the love of us" chose to be with us this year. Calmly he looks on us all and says, "I had that last year." He isn't ours, yet we claim him. Unassuming is he, manly, possessing a personality envied by all. He is doing some post-graduate work with a view to entering Yale next year, and we feel that his Alma Mater will find in him a noble and worthy representative in that institution. He goes with the heartiest good will and best wishes of all.

JOHN C. STANLEY, JR., B. A.
Booneville, Miss.

"She locked her lips; she left me where I stood."

A popular student, loved by all who know him, one of the "headiest" men in the class. He will be a financier of great note. Since his first matriculation the question of passing exams has never burdened his mind.

Lightweight Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Scrub Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Capt. Track Team, '11-'12; Pres. Golf Club, '11-'12.

"A mere madness to live like a wretch and die rich."—S. G. Thigpen.

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12



THOMAS LEO SASSER, B. A.
Brookhaven, Miss.

"O princely heart!"

Tom is by personal bent a student of human nature; he can tell you more about yourself than you or your father probably ever guessed. Owing to this characteristic and to an early maturity, he possesses wisdom, experience, and judgment that make him pre-eminently a leader among his fellows. It is needless to suggest that he will be a power in the ministry.

Freshman Medal, '08; Vice-Pres. Hermenians, '08-'09; Fall Orator, '10-'11; Pres. Hermenians, '11-'12; First Orator, '11-'12; L'Allegro Staff, '10-'11, '11-'12; Debating Council, '11-'12.

DAVIS LOVE ST. JOHN, PH. B.
Brooksville, Miss.

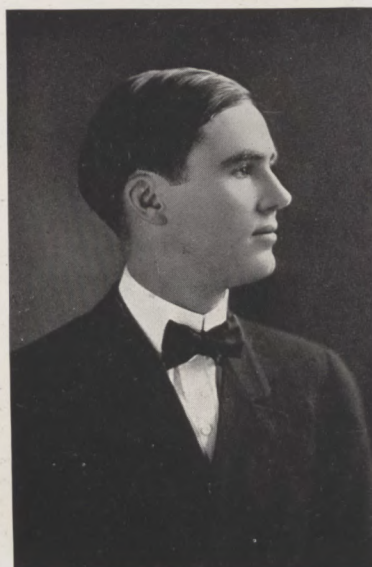
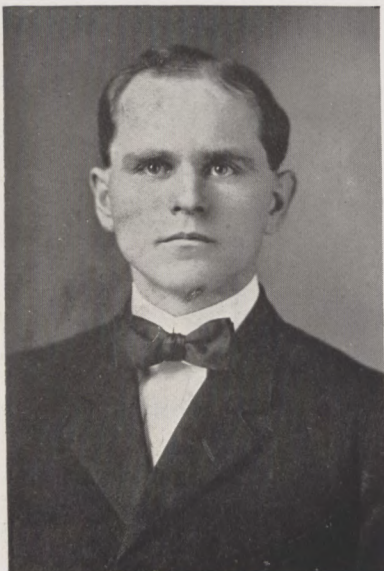
*"A voice more thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird."*

A "Saint" in name, but Dr. Sproles contends he's far from being "holy." An athlete of no mean type, popular, pleasant and always at ease. "Crook" is known among us as one of the fellows.

Class Baseball, '09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Varsity Basketball, '09-'10; Capt. Basketball, '11-'12; Track Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Scrub Football, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10, '11-'12; Pres. Bar Assn.; L'Allegro Staff; Quartette, '10-'12; Lawyer.

"I 'des' swan,' she sent my picture back."—Jim Watson.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



12



ELISHA SYLVESTER THOMPSON,
PH. B.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

"Grandma," because of his devotion to the fair sex, spends most of his time combing his locks. He is quiet but friendly, stern but congenial, and because of his lasting perseverance we predict a brilliant future for him.

Pres. Hermenians; Third Orator Hermenians; Class Football, '11-'12; Class Basketball, '11-'12.

SAMUEL GRADY THIGPEN, B. S.
Bay Springs, Miss.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute."

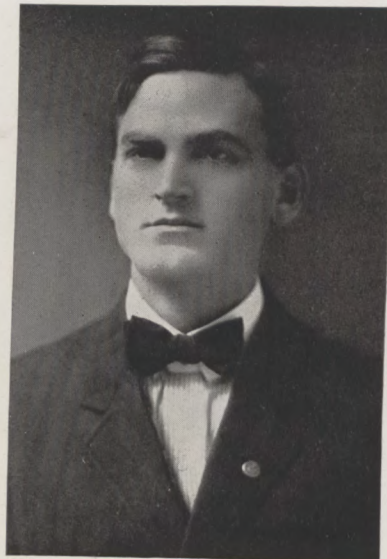
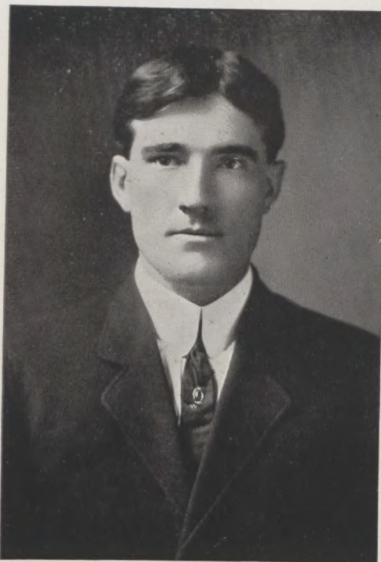
Although Grady lives on the M. J. & K. C. R. R., he easily stands as one of the best men in the class. His ability as a student is proven by graduating in two years. He is particularly fond of Sr. Chemistry.

Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Golf Club; L'Allegro Staff; Distinction.



"I know a hawk from a hand saw."—Jim Robinson.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



12



JAMES CARL WATSON, B. A.
Virgil, Miss.

"For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain."

"Jim" has steadily grown in favor with his fellow students, the faculty and "Stute" since he entered the portals of Miss. College. The "Elder" is loyal to his friends, fair and generous to his foe, persevering in his studies and unwavering in his stand for the right.

Philo; Class Baseball, '09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10; Varsity Football, '11-'12; Class Basketball, '11-'12; Mgr. Class Basketball, '11-'12; Sec. and Treas. Ath. Assn.

LOUIS DEMOSTHENES YOUNG, B. S.
New Augusta, Miss.

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

"L. D." is not noted for his beauty, neither does he advocate doing everything in one day, but he is untiring in his efforts, patient and persevering. With these qualities success will be his ladder.

Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12.



"I am yet unknown to woman."—W. C. Webb.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



RHESA REDDING MAY, PH. B.
D'Lo, Miss.

*"Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous
doubt."*

"Tip" is a jovial, congenial fellow, liked by both students and faculty. He is noted for his zealous study and love for the Campus. His highest ambition is to excel Casey Jones and Steamboat Bill. He has not yet chosen his profession, but we sincerely hope that he may find a safe compass for the journey across life's sea.

Class Football, '11-'12; Class
Baseball, '11-'12; All Class Football.





Retrospections to Come

When the breezes of time fast have carried us on,
Far away from the scenes of today,
Whether laurels of glory we proudly shall don,
Or willows we bear on the way;
Not a failure can dim, not a triumph outshine,
All the thoughts of our last college year;
Retrospections on this—they will thrill us like wine,
And will fill all our spirits with cheer.

The tricks that we play, all the sports that we love,
The yells we repeated today,
Will burn in our mem'ries like fire from above,
With an ardor no power can stay.
The jingles we know, all the jubilant strains,
We oft in the evening time sing,
Will fall on our spirits in lilting refrains,
More sweet than the voices of spring.

Some hours by and by as we think of these days—
These days of receptions and gowns,
Our thoughts will not rest on our jestings and lays,
But on undying deeds that bring crowns—
On those we have helped, on the lessons we've learned,
On the obstinate battles we've won,
On the friends that we've made, on the strength we have earned—
We'll be proud of the work we have done.

When the breezes of time fast have carried us on,
Far away from the scenes of today,
Whether laurels of glory we proudly shall don,
Or willows we bear on the way,
On many an hour when the long day is done
And the shadows make fancies run rife,
'Twill be "O, for an hour of the days that are gone—
For an hour of my glad senior life!"



The Making of the Class of '12

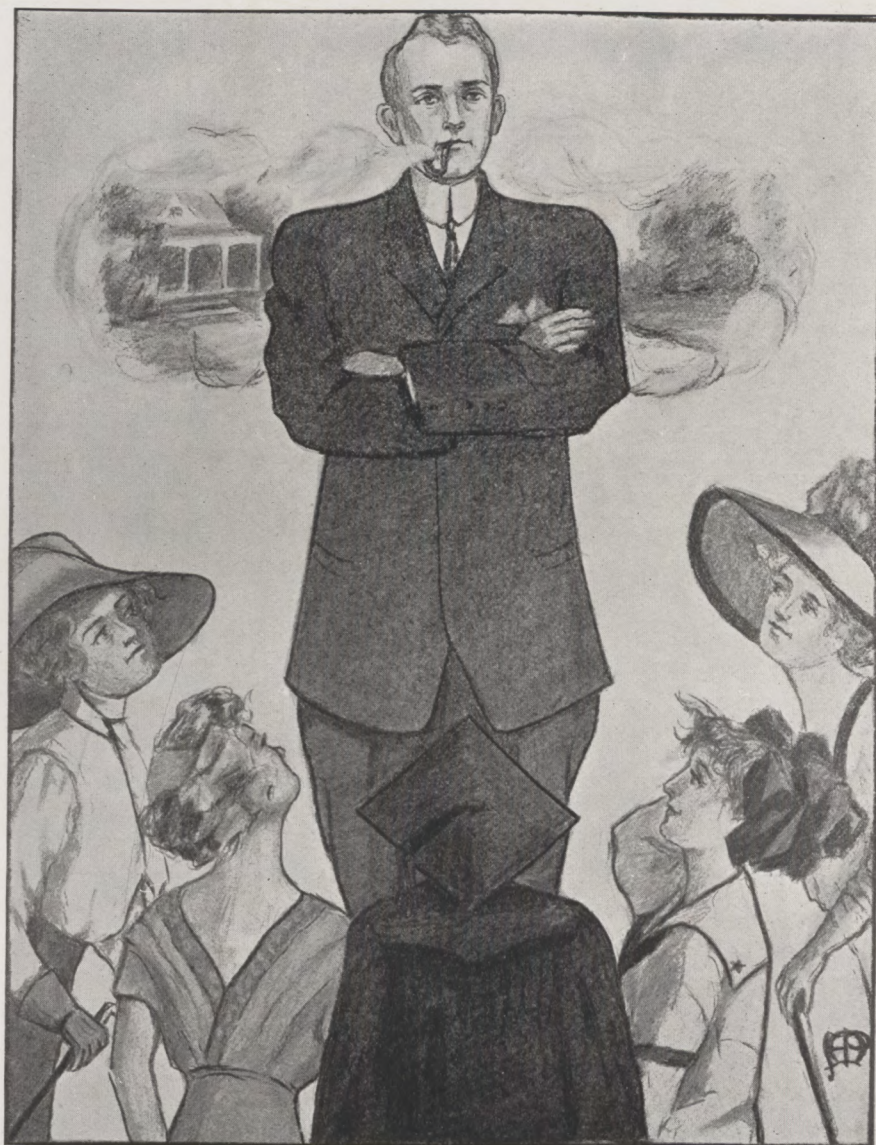
LIKE as the trees, by the lumbermen are cut and brought to the mill, where first they are placed before the main saw, slabbed and squared; then are passed on to the gang saws by which they are slashed into many pieces of varying sizes; from which they are carried to the trimmer and made of uniform length; and then rolled through the planing mills, and emerge smooth finished boards; just so a rough, uncouth youngster is sent to college, where he is put through four consecutive sessions of work each obviously adding to his culture intelligence and character, emerges a polished, worthy, and broad man.

The men of the class of 1912 have passed through this process and are now to appear on the stage of activity to give to the world the benefit of their training. The writer believes that we might almost say the fellows of this class have not only been preparing for life, but in a true sense have been living life in their college course. We have done nothing amazingly heroic during our stay here, nor yet wrought any wonders, but we have at least done our part as it was revealed to us. And likewise we propose in the future not to try to reform the world in one day, but to manfully face our duty on every side and burden no one with the responsibilities that we should bear. We believe that the score and a half men who go out this year with the benediction of Mississippi College upon them will add much to that onward moving force which has for its goal the elevation and enobling of the world.

Then here's to the Class of '12! May they ever strive to emulate the examples and ideals set before them by the noble faculty of this institution! May the words, "'Tis better to be called good than to be called great," ever go with them. May they mount the heights of truth and honor; walk in the sunshine of worthiness and drink from the spring of distinction.

*"One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu."*

—Porter.



JUNIOR

*"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine."*

—Hall.



Junior Class Officers

ROGERS, C. M.	President
DALE, I. F.	Vice-President
WHITTINGTON, C. C.	Secretary
CHASTAIN, J. G.	Poet

COLORS

Blue and White

MOTTO

Alta Petens

"Mine eyes were not in fault, for she was beautiful."—P. G. Pope.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



I. F. DALE

C. M. ROGERS

C. C. WHITTINGTON

J. G. CHASTAIN

Wanted: A pompadour.—E. S. Thompson.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



J. G. AUSTIN
 G. G. AARON R. L. BRANTON
 S. C. BEATY T. J. BARNETT C. A. CAUGHMAN
 R. A. EVERETT P. H. EAGER
 J. J. DENSON

Geh quiet now, fellows, geh quiet; SOUY, SOUY; he gotahit, he gotahit.—"Poats."

L'ALLEGRO 1912



H. J. MCCOOL

ED. MELTON

FLOYD MCKINZIE

A. H. NOBLES

W. A. PRICHARD

R. L. POWELL

C. A. ROPER

B. P. ROSSUM

E. F. STRINGER

"Go home Ball."—Aaron.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



J. P. SMALL

HOWARD SIMMONS D. R. SIMMONS

G. C. THAMES R. E. TOWNSEND R. T. UNDERWOOD

C. A. VOYLES S. B. WHITTINGTON

L. G. WALLACE

"I want to grow as beautiful as God meant me to be."—Small.

L'ALLEGRO 1912



D. R. GRANTHAM

R. R. GRESHAM

W. E. HOLCOMB

T. C. HOLLOWELL

H. D. HOLLIS

W. P. JACKSON

L. C. MALLORY

W. C. MILTON

J. C. MASSEY



A Health

Drink to the class, to the class of 'thirteen,
Drink to the dregs from the wine of her life—
Rest 'neath the folds of her glittering sheen—
Drink to the dregs, there is strength for the strife.

Proudly we bear on our brightest ensign
Figures that mark us the mark of thirteen,
Planting it here with a spirit right fine,
Shrine we in white the blue figure thirteen.

Proudly we've borne it in triumph along,
Laurels we've brought all blooming and green,
Laid them before it with music and song—
Given our all to the banner 'thirteen.

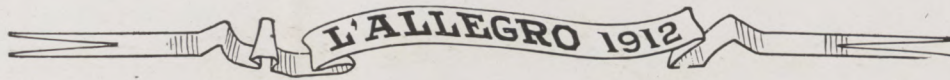
Class of 'thirteen, brothers mine,
'Tis not long before we go—
One more year about the shrine,
One more year and then we go!

Let us gather in this year
Close about our ensign fair,
Let us press about and rear
Here a throne our flag to bear—

Let us make our last the best,
Let us strive as ne'er before,
Answ'ring still her least behest,
Achieving ever more and more.

Drink, fellows, drink to the pride of 'thirteen,
Stand 'neath the folds of her flowing ensign,
Bring from afar your fresh laurels of green,
And wreath them in garlands, around her to twine!

"A good conscience is the best looking glass of heaven."



The Juniors

We do not feel that it is a "pride coming before destruction" that thrills us when we think of the class of '13. For it is not pride alone, but the feeling of strength and joy that the sight of "brave men and bold" always inspires. Ours is not an unusually large class, but that fact in itself draws us closer together, and it is with true and unaffected friendship that we regard one another. Somehow in our Junior year we have acquired the bearing of Seniors and the knowledge of men of the world. Who knows what wonders we may accomplish in our Snior year? Do you think we have said too much of ourselves? Kind friend, the half has not been told—watch next year's Senior write-ups. In leaving behind the joys and sorrows of our Junior year we can but look back with a feeling of regret, not that we fear the future, or dread the responsibilities of the coming year, but that looking back we must remember Junior freedom is ours no more. Our fun and frolic must be set aside, and the troubles we have passed through must be remembered only as "ties that bind."



Memory

The snow on my window falls,
The snow with its feathery touch
Your touch to my memory calls:
I think of you much, so much.

It forms in a little mound,
Just there on the window ledge;
I think of another mound,
That lies by the icebound hedge.

Oh, I have so often sought
To break from my sorrow's clutch,
But some how my only thought,
Is missing your face so much!
"B.," '13.



Auditor Aeneid *

(A student Aeneid)

(A literal interlinear translation, with an elegant marginal translation, and notes.)

- 1 Res et puerum cano; domus qui primus ab oris
His affairs and a boy I sing; of home who first from the
coasts
- 2 Clintonam* fato profugus scholaeque venit
To Clinton by fate exiled and scholastic came
- 3 Litora, multum ille et apparatibus iactatus
Shores, much he both on trains tossed about
- 4 Et coniunctionibus pro scientia imperiis
And at railroads junctions for knowledge by the com-
mands
- 5 Hortationibusque patris.*
And urgings of his father.
- 6 Multa manibus magistrorum* passus dum rationem
Many things at the hands of the Profs. having suffered
until sense.
- 7 Reperiret et mores novissimos cognosceret
He should find and styles the latest he should learn
- 8 Togae et modos rusticos dimitteret.
Of dress and airs rustic he should put away.
- 9 Musa mihi causas memora fabulis animalium*
O Muse, to me the causes tell in Zoology
- 10 Latino reliquisque laboribus busicandi,*
In Latin and in his remaining studies of his busting,

I sing of a lad and
his affairs, who first
from the joys of home,
exiled by Fate, came
to Clinton and scho-
lastic shores, being
much tossed about on
trains and at railroad
junctions, for the sake
of knowledge, by the
commands and exhor-
tations of his paternal
ancestor.

He suffered many
things at the hands of
the Faculty, while
finding some sense,
and learning the latest
fashion in raiment, and
while putting away his
rustic mien.

O Muse, recount to
me the reasons for his
failure in Zoology, in
Latin, and in the re-
mainder of his work,

(* pronounced "in-need.")

- (2) Clintonam: A famous city of America, near the
A. & V. R. R., in which are a laundry, a whist-
ling cotton gin, other varieties of gin, and
several other things.
- (5) Patris: The source of a student's financial supply.
- (6) Magistrorum: Objects generally seen loafing
around town during study hours.
- (9) Fabulis animalium: A bestial study teaching the
art of dissecting cats. Reference, Godbold's
Grammar, pages 2 to 879, inclusive.
- (10) Busicandi: An art practiced only by College stu-
dents. Of all the fine arts, this one is most
easily learned.

L'ALLEGRO 1912

- 11 Et Tantus fervidus ludus* faciendi.
And such a hot sport of his becoming.
- 12 Schola antiqua fuit, divinae tenere puellae,
School ancient there was, divine held it girls,
- 13 Stutato,* Collegium Mississippium contra
The 'Stute, College Mississippi opposite
- 14 Altera in parte urbis Clintonae.
Others in the part of the City Clinton.
- 15 Quam puer fertur magis omnibus
Which (school) the boy is said more than all
- 16 Studiis* aliis coluisse et animadvertisse.
Studies other to have cherished and thought about.
- 17 Quod his finis fuit sententiarum, et
Because here the goal was of his thoughts, and
- 18 Receptora donorum multorum pecunia*
Recipient of gifts many with the money
- 19 Emptorum quam dominae danda erat.
Bought which to his landlady should have been paid.
- 20 Puella optima pulcherrimaque multo
The girl very good and beautiful much
- 21 Cum bando adolescentem liberalem vidit.
With degree the youth generous looked upon.
- 22 Et laete, pueris ad receptionem invitatis,
And gladly, the boys to a reception having been invited,
- 23 Cum ea animo penetrato locutus est.
With her his heart being thrilled he spoke.
- 24 Nocem competitores* pertinaces habuit;
Nine rivals progressive he had;
- 25 Sticpina* ab illa, autem, recepta.
Her class pin from her, however, having been received,
- 26 Alii ad silvas altas fugerunt.
The others to the timbers tall hied them.

and for his becoming
such a hot sport.

There was an ancient institution of learning, occupied by maidens divinely fair, the 'Stute, opposite Mississippi College, in the other section of the hamlet of Clinton, which seminary the youth is said to have cherished and pondered over, spending more time thinking of this than of all his regular duties combined. Since here was the goal of his inmost thought, and the recipient of numerous gifts, purchased with the currency which was long since due to the keeper of his Clintonian abode.

This maiden of surpassing excellence and grace regarded the generous lad with unwonted favor, and with rapture he engaged her in conversation, at a reception tendered the young men; his soul the while is thrilled. Near a half-score enterprising rivals had

- (11) Ludus: An useless animal well known in most localities.
- (13) Stutato: The most attractive part of Clinton, Miss.
- (16) Studiis: Things which sometimes interfere with a young man's College course.
- (18) Pecunia: A rare element almost unknown in this part of the world.
- (24) Competitores: Nefarious beings eternally in the way.
- (25) Sticpina: A much coveted article, which when obtained, indicates nothing.



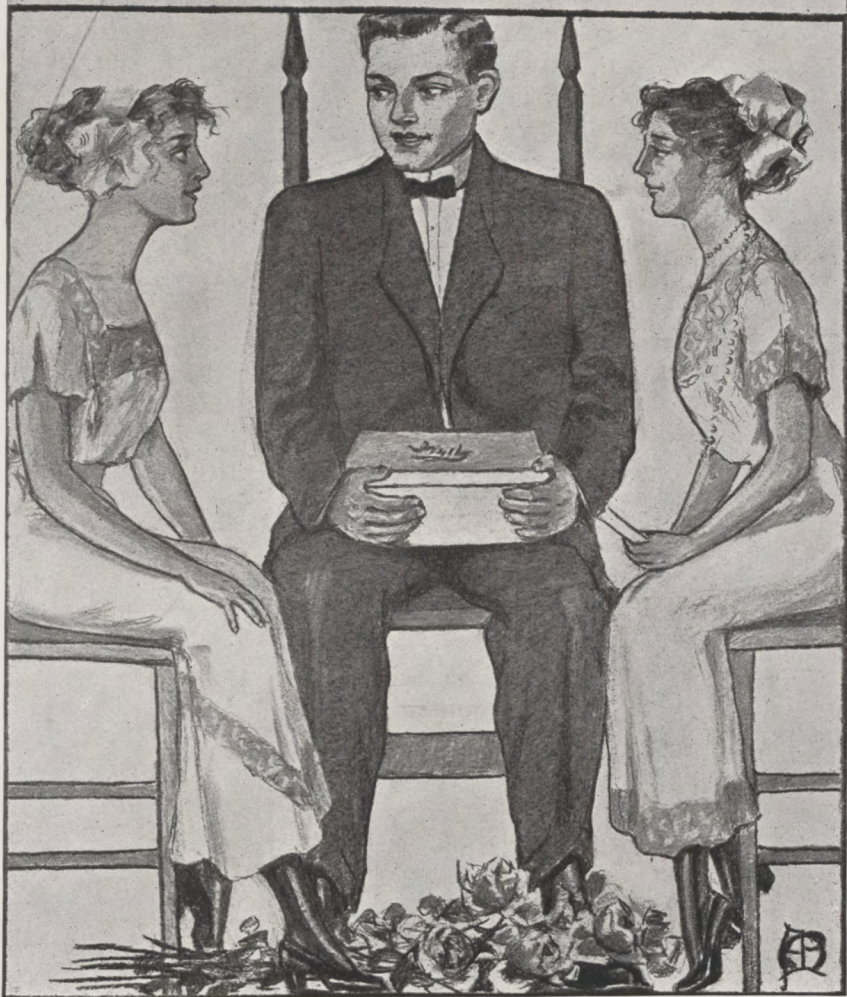
- 27 Sic usque ad Initium progressem est
Thus until Commencement it progressed
- 28 Cum ad eum praemio* dicentem
When to him for a medal speaking
- 29 Flores pulchras misit.
Flowers beautiful she sent.
- 30 Unus competitor, autem, Senior* praeclarus erat
One rival, however, a Senior dignified was
- 31 A quo ad alumnus dapem* puella vocata erat.
By whom to the Alumni Banquet the girl had been bidden.
- 32 Mementote lectores nundum adolescentem omnia
Bear in mind, readers, not yet that the youth all things
- 33 Scire sicut Seniore amicum puraret se.
Knew, as the Senior, his friend, thought that he did.
- 34 Itaque a Senore argumento emicato*
Therefore by the Senior the question having been popped
- 35 Nocte dapis, rem cogitatione cepit.
On the banquet-night, the matter under consideration she took.
- 36 Quo exposito durabus abibus conflagati sunt.*
Which being interpreted, within two weeks they were engaged.
- 37 Et Junio eam in matrimoniam* Senior duxit.
And in June her into matrimony the Senior led.
- 38 Alter discipulus posteaquam laete vixit.
The other student ever afterwards happily lived.

he, but when she had entrusted her class pin to his keeping, all the others ceased in grim dismay.

Thus until Commencement did the affair progress, when on her knight the damsel did bestow bouquets of lovely flowers, while he was seeking honors by oration. Moreover, one of the suitors for her hand was a lofty Senior, who invited her to the Alumni Banquet. (Remember, readers, that our youth did not yet possess all knowledge, which his Senior friend thought himself to have.) Therefore the Senior's proffer of marriage upon that festal night was given earnest consideration by the maiden fair. Which is to say, within two weeks they were engaged. In June, the nuptials were celebrated. The other student lived happily ever afterwards.

- (28) Praemio: A golden emblem always awarded to the wrong person.
- (30) Senior: Derivation, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, bigheads; they ran from gentlemen to nuisances.
- (31) Alumnus dapem: An annual festival to which all undergraduates look forward during a seeming eternity. Cost, about six bucks per.
- (34) Argumento emicato: Necessary evil preceding matrimony.
- (36) Conflagati sunt: Derivation, conflago, conflagare, conflagavi, conflagatus; meaning to enter a conflict.
- (37) Matrimoniam: From matri, meaning a mother-in-law, and monio, meaning to moan. Hence, to moan on account of a mother-in-law.

SOPHOMORE

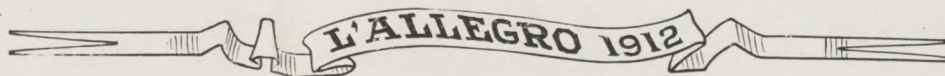




Sophomore Class

LLOYD, JOHN	President
DEAN, R. A.	Vice-President
ST. JOHN, CHARLES	Secretary and Treasurer
KOLB, F. R.	Poet

*"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."*



Sophomore Poem

Through heat and cold and storm and calm,
Still onward ever driving,
The Soph'mores feel they're duty bound
To rest alone in striving.

So let us glance e'er on we go
At things for which they're striving,
And also see how well the things
They've done before are thriving.

The greatest thing they ever did,
At this we are not guessing,
Was passing under "Little Bill," —
There's joy in thus confessing!

They once were preps, there is no doubt,
Tho' few of them will own it,
And used to study hard, they say,
But none of them have shown it.

When Wallace was the "Prep-hall Prof,"
They sat 'neath his decisions,
And answered 'bout four million things, —
Then listened to his visions.

And now when they have Sophs become,
They think it quite unseeming,
That they must answer questions still —
Still listen to his dreaming.

But now that they so much have learned
Of other things they're thinking,
For they right soon will Seniors be
And joys of life be drinking.

And so they hope e'er long to have
The sense enough to marry,
And if they should the dough have too,
They'll take to them a fairy.

For in all struggles, e'en in love,
The Soph is always winning,
And when he wins a fair maid's heart
He does not think he's sinning.

And so through life the Soph will go,
A rival never fearing,
And every where in rain or snow,
For "Old Fourteen" a-cheering.



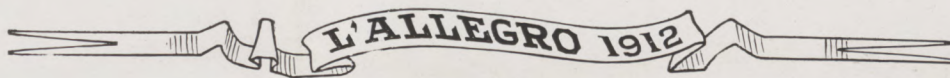


Sophomore Roll

Buchanan, J. E.	Blue Mountain
Seward, B. F.	McCool
St. John, C. J.	Brooksville
Biggers, B. W.	Ackerman
Gunn, W. W.	Noxapater
Branton, M. B.	White Bluff
Batson, L. L.	Millard
Tate, F. W.	Clinton
Ross, T. E., Jr.	Hattiesburg
Conner, L. H.	Hattiesburg
Cooper, M. N.	Pontotoc
Martin, J. D.	Florence
Hailey, L. P.	Meridian
Briscoe, C. C.	Burgess
Robinson, J. T.	Gloster
Denson, W. S.	Bay Springs
Brame, J. D.,	Macon
Dean, R. A.	Columbia
Allen, W. E.	Amory
Hammond, F. S.	Clinton
Havis, B. W.	Vicksburg
Ballenger, J. I.	Gulfport
Poole, H. E.	Gloster
Hamilton, J. H.	Taylor
McWhorter, S. N.	Burns

*"Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."*





Sophomore Roll

Lody, J. A.	Meridian
Price, J. H.	Magnolia
Ross, T. A.	Star
Nelson, W. R.	Baldwyn
Spencer, T. F.	Bellefontaine
Oates, J. K.	Bay Springs
Clayton, W. L.	Lauderdale
Jacob, P. B.	Columbus
Williams, P. H.	Ruth
Kethley, W. M.	Clinton
Martin, R. L.	Puckett
Wactor, S. L.	Bogue Chitto
Lindenmeyer, P. D.	Gloster
Laird, E. E.	Florence
Henson, Ed.	Philadelphia
Latimer, T. J.	Plattsburg
McNair, P. L.	Learned
Kolb, F. R.	Blue Springs

"But there is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."—Dees.





Sophomore Roll

Thompson, C. E.	Garden City
Holcomb, H. C.	Florence
Whitten, A. T.	Ruth
Dudley, W. H. C.	Clinton
Jones, S. A., Jr.	Columbia
Hood, L. G.	Columbia
Reid, P. Z.	Monticello
Phillips, T. R.	Hattiesburg
Williams, S. E.	Clinton
Turner, A. W.	Natchez
Williams, S. A.	Ruth
McKay, J. W.	Camden
Simmons, T. V.	Louin
Smith, S. J.	Clinton
Webb, W. C.	Banner
Smith, P. M.	Las Cruces, N. M.

"Most people spend so much time getting a living that they have no time to live."



Sophomore Editorial

TO do full justice to the Sophomore class of nineteen-twelve would tax the genius of a Homer, or the skill of a Pope. We may not have the brassy assurance of the Junior, nor the egotism of the Freshman, but we do possess qualities which any of those classes might endeavor to emulate with profit to themselves.

The Sophomores have won many victories this year in the classroom, on the stage, and on the athletic field. Championship in football, we put up a stiff fight for championship in basketball, and bid fair to win the pennant in class baseball. The 'Varsity eleven of nineteen-twelve had a large percentage of men of the class of '14, and some of the best baseball men are Sophomores. We would not boast nor with undue braggadocio flaunt our many virtues before the other classes, but we do them justice by naming these examples of Sophomore pluck and grit on the athletic field. Our victories in the classroom have, from a literary standpoint, been equally as brilliant.

Wherever and whenever Mississippi College has needed the loyal and true support of her sons, there in the front ranks are Sophomores. No class is more loyal to its college than that of '14—none so devoted. We have a great deal of class spirit, and rightly so, and our loyalty to our class is noble, but when a question becomes vital to the college partisanship is forgotten and we are one with the other classes in loyal and earnest support of the college.

The Sophomores are plucky and gritty; likewise good students and debaters; loyal and staunch upholders of the blue and yellow banner with its noble motto, "For truth and virtue," for which Mississippi College stands, and which she is striving to impress upon the youth of Mississippi, but with all these the class of '14 has another virtue which commends it highly. It is the loyalty and friendship, deep and enduring, which each member has for the others. A class of young men more devoted to each other and to its college is not to be found.

Here's a health to the class of '14. May its courage never fail, its pluck and grit never be less, and may its loyalty to each other, and to Mississippi College grow greater and greater until, like the sun, it becomes a light to other classes.

"Silence, beautiful voice."—Conner.

In Memoriam

Norman Franklin Stanley

Born

June Twenty-third, 1891

Died

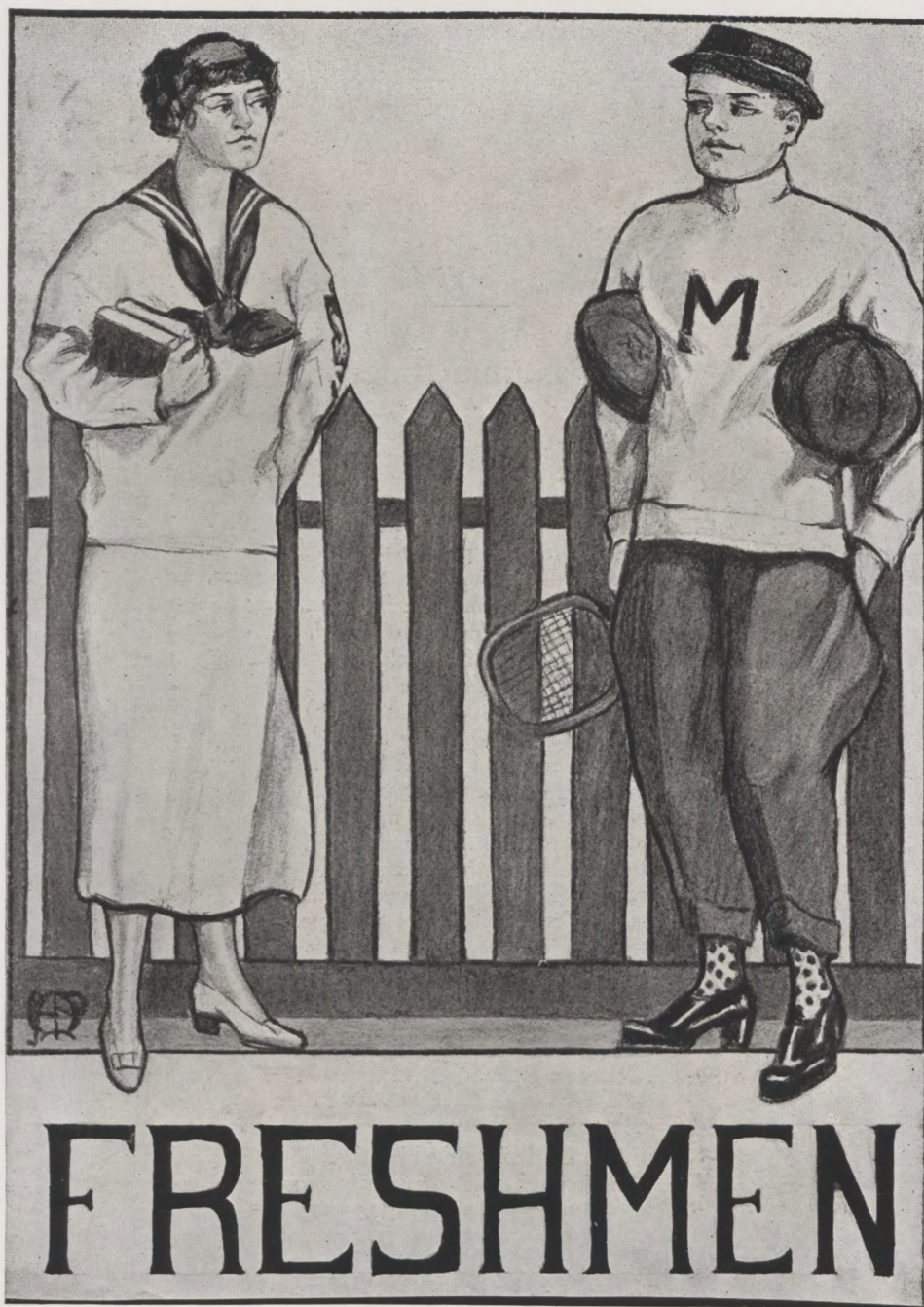
November Twentieth, 1911

"Don't call on me for that, professor. I don't feel good."—Mallory.

62



THE FIRST REAL SPRING DAY.





Freshman Class

YOUNGBERG, A. F.	President
SUMRALL, F. H.	Vice-President
DICKENS, V. B.	Secretary and Treasurer
WARD, H. R.	Poet

Freshman Poem

The Poet's Apology

It does not matter what you think, good folk,
This writing Freshman poems is no joke;
At least, since he on whom the honor fell,
Has quite a task to write plain English well.
I've thought and thought to tease the stubborn muse,
I've fought and fought Maid Genius to enthuse;
She is a stubborn Miss, and will not yield,
And failure is the victor of the field.
My poem writing (little that I've done),
Came as a dream (and often went as one).
And when I try to call this dream to mind,
My thoughts flee on, and I am left behind.
And what remain are poor, nor worth the time,
No beauty to inspire—'tis but a rhyme.
A sadder fate than made the muse to pass,
Made me the poet of the Freshman class.
So fellow Freshmen, if my lines seem tame,
Please bear in mind that I am not to blame.
'Twas you that placed me on this slippery trail,
And you the blame must shoulder if I fail.

A New Year Reverie

Ring out, old bell, to the blue sky,
Ring in, and this New Year enthrone;
One term of Freshman life has passed,
Oh, joy! One-third the year is gone.

Oh, Freshmen, pause and ponder here,
How brief those holidays did seem.
Though very often dark and drear,
As blissful as a lover's dream.



How gladly then, our books forgot,
O'er field and wood in search of quail
We roamed, and sometimes took a shot
At a poor timid cottontail.

How eagerly we drew our chairs
'Neath tables filled with dainties sweet;
Unconsciously, forgetting cares,
Partook our share of turkey meat.

What cared we then, if we did fail
"To make the rise in history?"
Two whole long terms will yet prevail
In which to clear the mystery.

What did it hurt if Freshman Math
Did prove a little hard to hold?
Still two long terms each Freshman hath,
As yet the half has not been told.

But now the holidays are o'er,
Yet 'tisn't such a bitter pill
To know we must return once more
To "Ajax," "Zeus," and "Little Bill."

Of course it will be hard at first,
Our Greek and Latin not to shirk.
But we will do our very best,
And buckle down to steady work.

Yes, we'll bestir ourselves a bit,
And all our troubles try to bear,
For we've the good old Freshman grit,
And "hardly ever do we care."

'Twill not be long, oh joy to tell
Till we pass out the Freshman doors,
Bid Freshman scenes a fond farewell,
Next year we will be Sophomores.

Yet come what will, and come what may,
No gladder times will ever be,
Than when with pride we called ourselves
The "Freshman class of dear M. C."

P. S.—My pencil point is broken short,
I have no knife, can borrow none;
My fire is dead, my coal is out,
My light is off—my poem's done.



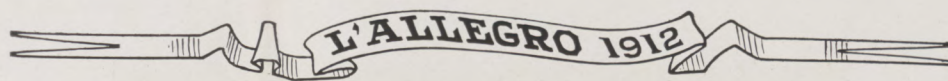


Freshman Roll

Montgomery, W. M.	Edwards
Cowley, M. B.	Amory
Hamblet, F. M.	Marks
Dame, T. E.	Tillatoba
Carter, H. R.	Ackerman
Fore, W. M.	Holly Springs
Conerly, R. J.	Tylertown
Austin, J. P.	Cold Water
Adams, A. B.	Clarksdale
Cole, French	Silver Creek
Allgood, E. L.	Wesson
Piggott, J. D.	Tylertown
Lewis, T. E.	Hesterville
Fortenberry, G. K.	Tylertown
Gunn, J. H.	Noxapater
Huff, J. H.	Forest
Wood, M. I.	Madison Station
Davis, B. G.	Wesson
Lusk, T. L.	Winona

"Go on, puddin' head, you can't work nothing."—"Zed."



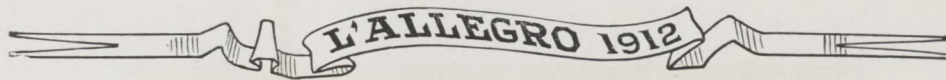


Freshman Roll

Lavender, W. K.	Charleston
Cheek, W. C.	Amory
Jones, C. D.	Violet
Turner, W. A.	Marks
Webb, T.	Star
Barron, L. K.	Summit
Green, E. J.	Crystal Springs
Davis, O. O.	Tylertown
Tully, H. L.	Troy
Anderson, H. C.	Lena
Williams, E. C.	Leakesville
McNees, J. C.	Shuqualak
Russel, T. J.	Clinton
Barnett, Arden	Carthage
Hattox, J. S.	Ecu
Eavenson, I. D.	Cold Water
Youngberg, A. F.	Gallman
Dickens, V. B.	Batesville
Conerly, G. F.	Tylertown
Rackley, J. C.	Troy

"I drink when I have occasion and sometimes when I have no occasion."—Arender.



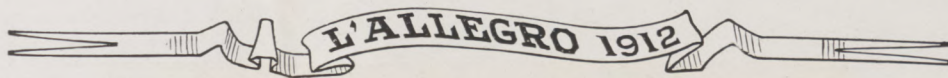


Freshman Roll

Seale, A. W.	Calhoun
Martin, M. M.	Indianola
Welsh, H. L.	Shuqualak
Heard, G. T.	Brooksville
Turner, J. M.	Marks
Thompson, S. C.	Garden City
Fortinberry, F. S.	Osyka
Sharp, R. B.	Clinton
Horne, R. L.	Lake Como
Simmons, J. P.	Louin
Durr, W. B.	Brookhaven
Henry, P. W.	Serepta
Thomas, J. W.	Scoben
Puryear, D. A.	Raymond
Ward, H. C.	Raymond
Reese, E. F.	Clinton
Hinton, R. E.	Troy
Mayfield, E. E.	Mt. Olive
Reynold, L. G.	McCool
Easterling, A. H.	Collins

Grice swears eternal love for Prof. Wallace.





Freshman Roll

Thatch, G. H.	Rawles Springs
Wallace, Fred	Scobey
Peebles, I. E.	Philadelphia
Green, W. L.	Crystal Springs
Varnado, O. S.	Osyka
Sumrall, F. H.	Meridian
Houston, W. J.	Neshoba
Page, C. B.	Sandersville
Currie, T. K.	Utica
Thigpen, J. A.	Bay Springs
Venable, R. A.	Meridian
Langston, W. B.	Oakvale

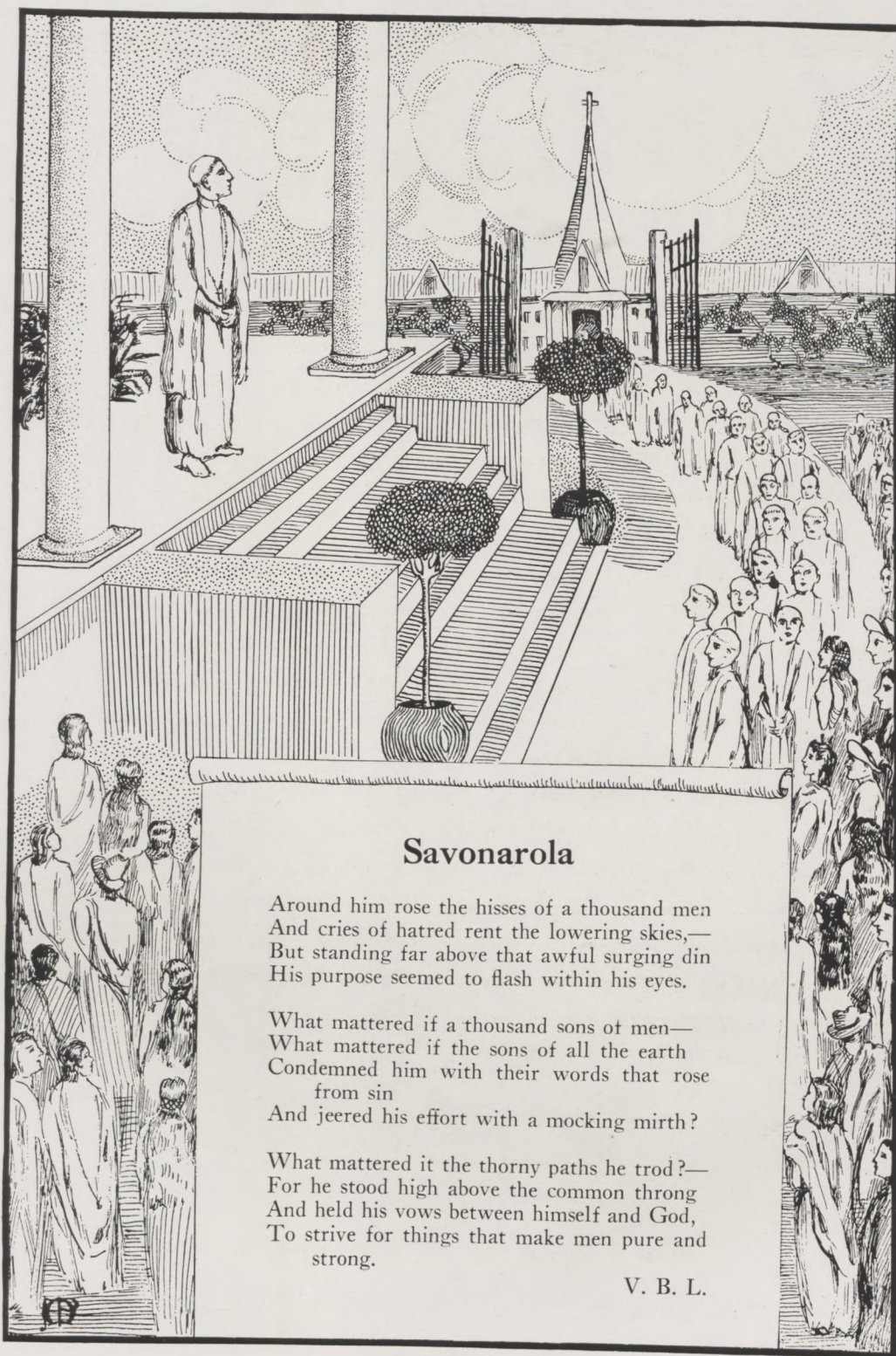
"When I was young, ah, woeful when!"—Youngberg.



Freshman

HOWEVER willing and anxious we might have been to secure our present position we are now ready to resign it. When we came to Mississippi College, we found most of the fellows applying for admission to the Freshman class, so we joined them in order to be with the most popular crowd. We have now changed our minds, however, and have decided to seek a place that is not so badly crowded. We want to be enrolled in the Sophomore class. Throughout our high school days or our prephood days, we eagerly anticipated the opportunity of becoming Freshmen. Whatever success we have had in our efforts to be creditable Freshmen, we owe to the preparation made there. We claim, too, that we have accomplished some things. On the debating platform, we have seen the Preps go down in defeat before us; an achievement of which our predecessors cannot boast. On the athletic field, we have dealt hard knocks to all, without respect to class, "color, or previous condition of servitude." At no time has any dared to attribute to us that quality known as "Rabbit." Freshmen, however, meet several disadvantages that do not confront the other classmen. In the first place after we had been here only a few weeks, we got awfully homesick. Then, too, many of our members had to leave on account of weak eyes—or shall we call it weak knees? We have found also, that if we had neglected any duties in high school, our Freshmen work is hampered. We are told that Sophomores are never bothered with those things. Again there are so many of us that when we have a reception, there are not enough Stute girls to go around. So after duly considering these things, in our meeting the other day we put it to a vote, and with all with one accord voted to—to—abdicate!

"I got the credentials, hiddo."—"High Pocket" Hood.



Savonarola

Around him rose the hisses of a thousand men
And cries of hatred rent the lowering skies,—
But standing far above that awful surging din
His purpose seemed to flash within his eyes.

What mattered if a thousand sons of men—
What mattered if the sons of all the earth
Condemned him with their words that rose
from sin
And jeered his effort with a mocking mirth?

What mattered it the thorny paths he trod?—
For he stood high above the common throng
And held his vows between himself and God,
To strive for things that make men pure and
strong.

V. B. L.



Lydia

(Ode from Horace)

Come, tell me, Lydia, why it is,
You've put that youngster out of "bis?"
Why does he shun the sunny plains,
Or fear to hold the charger's reins?
Why does it fear inspire him,
In yellow fiber now to swim?
Why does he dress in finery,
As if a girl he'd like to be?
Ah! Love has made him weak and shy,
And put that liquid in his eye.

Moral

Beware, my younger friends, beware,
A love which leads you to despair.
—A.

That Cat

Ben King

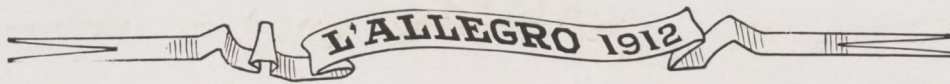
The cat that comes to my window sill
When the moon looks cold and the night is still—
He comes in a frenzied state alone,
With a tail that stands like a pine tree cone,
And says: "I have finished my evening lark,
And I think I can hear a hound dog bark.
My whiskers are froze 'nd stuck to my chin.
I do wish you'd git up and let me in."
That cat gits in.

But if in the solitude of the night
He doesn't appear to be feeling right,
And rises and stretches and seeks the floor,
And some remote corner he would explore,
And he doesn't feel satisfied just because
There's no good spot to sharpen his claws,
And meows and canters uneasy about,
Beyond the least shadow of any doubt,
That cat gits out.

"Young men, this Jr. Latin class just makes me cuss."—Ajax.

PREPARATORY





CLASS OFFICERS

VIRDEN, B. H.	President
PATTERSON, P. B.	Vice-President
GRANTHAM, S. A.	Secretary and Treasurer
SHOWERS, W. T.	Poet

"Impatience is a blundering guide."



Preparatory Poem

From city, town, and peaceful farm,
This valiant band of "prepies" swarm;
Some bright, some dull; some good, some bad;
Some pass exams, some "bust." 'Tis sad.

What matter if the seniors stride,
And air their vanity and pride
Before the "Stutes," who call them "dear,"
Nor ever know we "preps" are here?

There's time enough for all of that.
Besides, the girl at home "stands pat,"
And never doubts a word we write.
But thinks us each a man of might.

The road ahead is long and rough.
No matter; we are young and tough
As hickory, seasoned in the sun;
The fun has only just begun.

Our loins we'll gird without a word,
And blithe and gay as any bird,
We'll bend our backs—no favors ask—
And brawn and brain to ev'ry task.

And when at last we reach the goal,
Upon the stage a "dip" we'll hold;
With conscience clear the world we'll face,
And enter in the larger race.

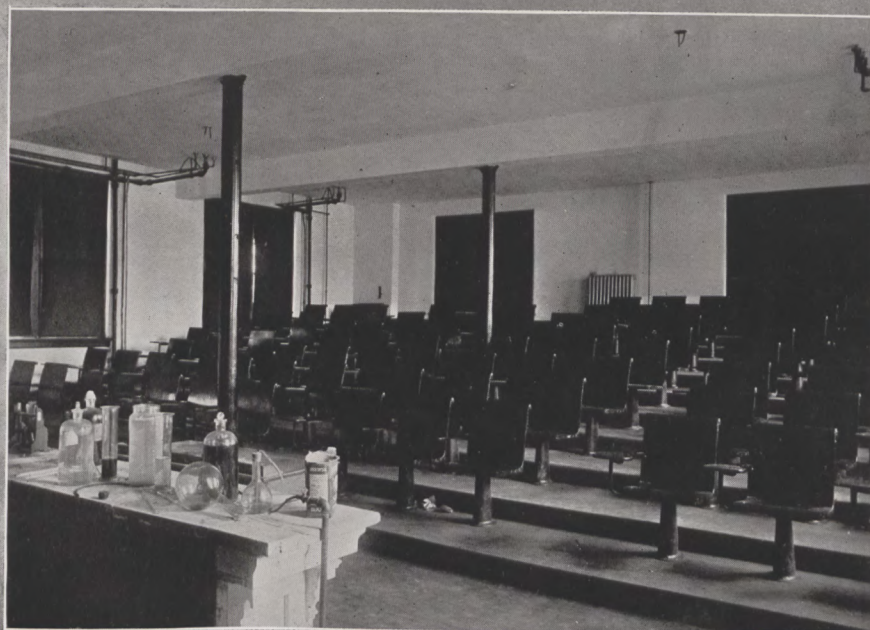




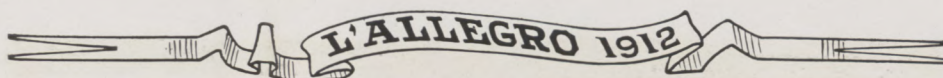
Preparatory Roll

Aven, J. M.	Johnston, S. W.
Armstrong, R. A.	Lovell, E. E.
Bradley, L. C.	McCall, Anse.
Caston, A. P.	Muskelly, J. L.
Crout, H. F.	McDaniel, P. H.
Cooper, E. E.	McCoy, W. C.
Corley, R. C.	McNeill, W. H.
Darling, A. J.	Oliver, J. R.
Delk, W. L.	Patterson, P. B., Vice-Pres.
Dearman, G. W.	Provine, J. W.
Fortner, J. C. A.	Pickett, J. L.
Grantham, L. A.	St. Clair, L.
Godley, G. M.	Severance.
Harris, L. P.	Stubblefield, A. C.
Hutson, F. S.	Shows, W. T.
Hunnicutt, L. S.	Tate, J.
Jackson, C. M.	Virden, B. H., Pres.
Jones, Pat.	Williams, E. B.
Jones, L. M.	Williams, W. M.

"Would you know what money is? Go borrow some."—McKenzie.



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.
CHEMICAL LECTURE ROOM.



The Olympic

"How do you reckon you are going to get along on that ankle this spring, Old Lady," asked Bob Dearman of his roommate, one night as they were preparing to retire.

"Oh, I hope it will be all right, you know I've taken the best care in the world of it," was the reply.

"I never will get over your hurting it in the Thanksgiving game, if it hadn't been for that you'd be the fastest man in the world this spring, just like I tell you; when a man does the hundred in nine and three-fifths in the first meet he ever enters he's some runner, and that's what you did last spring."

"Yes, and we should have brought the cup back to Brandford this spring, too; and I should have had my try-out for the Olympics and the trip to Stockholm—I'd rather have that than anything I know! It's worth something to a man like me to travel, and I'm too dead broke to ever get it any other way."

"Well, I'm going to call out the track candidates Monday to begin work. By that time the track will be in condition, and you will have a chance to see how good you still are, but you'll have to take it easy at first, you can't afford to hurt yourself again. I'm glad they elected me manager this year, because it gives me a chance to bring home that G. W. I. Double A. cup, and I suspect I want to do that about as much as you want to go to Stockholm. It would tickle me to death to take it away from those big schools, and it'd be some boost to Brandford."

"Nine and three fifths! By George, that's moving," said the manager as he snapped his stop-watch, "I never thought you'd do it when you first came out, three weeks ago. Cut it another fifth, Mac, my boy, and you'll be as fast as the best and good for the Olympics, ankle or no ankle."

"Yep, it feels just as good as it ever did," responded the other as he dropped to the ground and began to examine his bandage. "I'm going down and have the doctor put the X-ray on it again tomorrow. If it looks good, I'm going to send in my application and go to Stockholm as sure as fate. That track's in peachy shape, isn't it!"

It was a week later. "I'm going to do it in nine and two-fifths this afternoon, and that's as fast as the record," announced Blake MacNally to a little group of college men as he trotted out of the gym, I'm going to Cleveland next week to show them what I can do."

"Good, but watch that ankle, you can't afford to hurt it now of all times," replied the school physician, who had come down to see the work-out.

"Get your watch ready, Bob, here I go," called Blake after he had warmed up a little, and he was off.

"He did it, too!" exclaimed half dozen voices at once.

"Yes, and he hurt that ankle again," replied the doctor as he dropped on the ground beside the man who had just equalled the world's record for the hundred yards.

"It isn't hurt much, I think," said Mac, as he pulled off his shoe and began to unlace the support. "I turned it almost at the last step, don't know how I happened to do it," and they began to examine the injured member.

"You'd best let the boys take you home," said Dr. Atkinson after a brief inspection, "I don't think it is hurt much, hope it won't interfere even with your try-out next week, but it won't do to run chances, I'll come around tonight to see it again."

"Oh, it's all right this morning," replied MacNally to the anxious inquiry of a half dozen boys the next day. "The doctor says that if I rest on it this week I can go to Cleveland yet."

"Well, Bob," said MacNally after he returned from the try-out the next week, "I made my place on the team and I'm booked for the trip to Stockholm and a show in the games, but I hurt my ankle a little again and the doctors say that I musn't do any contest running between now and June if I want to be safe, and Mr. Atwood, the Olympic manager, says



that if he catches me in a college contest between now and then he will fire me—I believe he's bluffing, but he might—I don't like him much anyway. Do you guess Archer can run in the Chicago meet, he can do it in ten, I think, and he ought to make a place even at that—that would give him a couple of points or so and with them we ought to win the cup."

"Yes, Archer is good, if it wasn't for you he would have rep, but I'll swan, I'd hate for you to be out; you are the only man we have who would be sure of the two-twenty and the hundred, and I figure that we will need them both and every thing else we can get. Don't you guess they would let you run if you didn't have any trouble between now and then?"

"I tell you what," responded the other, "put me on the entry list and if things go so I can I'll run—if you have to have me I'll run whether or no."

"All right," said Bob, "I wouldn't have you miss your chance for the big games for anything, but I'll enter you and maybe it'll turn out so you can run after all."

It was the fifteenth of May, the great Chicago Stadium was packed to the limit with college men and their supporters who had come from all over the Middle Western States to witness the annual track meet of the Great Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association. There were a score of schools represented by the best amateur athletes of the country. Near the center of the stands to the right was a section, that, with its perfusion of blue decoration, was conspicuous among the hundred varieties of colors of its sister institutions. Somebody said that it was occupied by the students of a little college down in Kentucky that had crept into the association some way, no one knew just how, and had startled its competitors the year before by coming up from behind and taking second place before anybody realized that it was there. It had won out on the running of a fellow named MacNally, who had never been heard of before, but who was a veritable wonder when it came to the short distances. They said that after that half dozen of the big schools had tried to buy him, but that he had laughed at them all and gone back to Brandford. There was a good deal of speculation as to whether he would be in this meet or not. Somebody said that he had hurt his ankle in a football game the fall before and would not be able to run; somebody else said that a fellow by the same name had made a place on the Olympean team and was in Cleveland training for the games. Still another said that a candidate for an Olympean place was not allowed to enter a contest after he had signed up. One of the directors down on the ground said that he was entered, but that he would not run; everybody agreed that if he did run Brandford had as good show for the cup as anybody. The contests began and it became almost a joke how many second and third places the little school from the South got; they seldom got a first, but they hardly ever failed to count a few points on second or third, or sometimes on both. And all the while the blue section howled and yelled and made as much noise as anybody in the Stadium. Down on the bench before them sat their team, wrapped in great blue blankets, silent and conserved, but it was evident that when there was anything to be done they were there with their part of it. Along toward the late afternoon they jumped from third place to second on the long distances and the manager of the university team that was leading began to get nervous. He had figured that if the little school won the last three events, they would take the cup away from him by four points. Of course, under usual circumstances this was a ludicrous fear, but he knew that if MacNally was with the other team there was a good chance of it. The question was, was MacNally there? Someone said that the silent figure, wrapped closely in his blanket and sitting at the end of the blue bench was the speed wonder, but nobody seemed to be quite certain. At anyrate, that man had not entered anything so far and there was nothing to keep him from being MacNally.

Down on his bench MacNally had been doing some figuring too, he saw the situation exactly. It was a question as to whether he would enter and win the cup for Brandford, or stay out and go to Stockholm to compete with the greatest athletes in the world. Even

if he did enter he might not lose his Olympian place, unless he hurt his ankle again. But there was Atwood, sitting in the stand just to his right and it was certain that he would be taking a big risk on being thrown out. He saw his roommate looking at him and knew what was in his mind, but Bob would never ask him to sacrifice his own plans for those of the school, much as he might want to win the cup. The time for the short distances was nearly there. Archer was out warming up, he must decide and decide now. He arose slowly and walked over to Bob. "Bob, my boy," he said, "there's just one thing to do—let Archer go in and win the four-forty, run himself to death if need be, but win anyway! and me try the other two. If he gets second and I two firsts, we'll win by two points, or if he makes a first and I a second and first we are safe."

"But what about the Olympics," asked Bob.

"Oh, Olympics go to thunder," was the reply, and, as there seemed to be nothing else to say he threw off his blanket and trotted out to warm up. The university manager, who had forgotten his fears for the time being, was startled by seeing the blue section rise and give vent to fifteen raucous "MacNally! MacNally! MacNally!" His heart sank within him, it was almost like a death knell, he had about decided that the "speed fiend" was not there, or at least would not enter.

The four-forty was run and the timer called out, "Archer, Brandford, first; Scott, Michigan, second." Mac's plans had worked so far. Then came the two short distances and the races that would decide whether Brandford would take home the cup or not. The men were down for the two-twenty, everybody on the field knew by this time that MacNally was in and there was an uneasy movement in the stands as ten thousand people bent forward as if to see him better. One of the university men called out that he was not "as good as he was cracked up to be, anyway," and his fellows took up the cry; but there seemed to be an atmosphere over the ground that told that Brandford was in to win and the blue stand was literally shaking with the yells of the Southerners. The words came from the starter, "Ready—get set," and his arm was raised to fire the "go." In the suspended instant that followed someone called out in a voice that could be distinctly heard all over the ground, "Young man, do you know what you are doing!" Mac knew that it was Atwood and what it meant, he was thrown off his guard for the instant and the starting shot was fired—he came to himself, the other men were off and he was still marking the line, he saw the situation and cursed himself for being thrown off as he leaped away to make up the time he had lost; he was glad that it was the two-twenty instead of the hundred, it gave him more time to gain, he strained every muscle in his body, he was almost yards behind; his manager's hopes sank as the university manager's rose, it looked as if he had lost after all. Blake was running desperately, he passed one man and wondered how many more there were to pass, he saw another fall behind, he must have quit, he seemed to be standing still, then he passed a bunch and then one more, he must be nearly there; he looked up, there were still two more ahead and just beyond was the tape, he seemed to gather himself together and spring, and then rolled over on the turf, he had lost, he had crossed the line, but there had been two ahead of him, he had lost both the cup and the Olympics—and through it all he hated Atwood as he had never hated a man before—it was all his fault and something within the defeated man called for vengeance, and then he heard them calling the places, "White, Ohio, first; MacNally, Brandford, second"—he never heard who was third, nor the time; was it possible that he had passed the other man in his last wild effort? It must be, but he had not known it. If so the other team was only three points ahead, and if he won the hundred he was safe. He would take home the cup yet—and he felt Bob's hand on his shoulder calling him back to himself, and heard the cheers of his schoolmates. As he rose to his feet he caught himself, he had almost fallen and he realized that he had hurt his ankle again, it must have been as he hurled himself at the tape and somehow he hoped that it had not been hurt badly. Bob saw the trouble and



was on his knees examining the injury, "By George," he said, "that's hard luck. You'd best not run the hundred, cup or no cup, you can't afford to ruin this thing again."

Mac laughed bitterly, "I reckon I will run it too, and what's more, I'm going to win it if I never run another step."

"Yes, and if you do run it you will never run another, whether you win it or not," said a voice from behind. MacNally wheeled, he knew it was Atwood; his first impulse was to strike him, and then he stopped himself. Atwood smiled patronizingly, "Look here, my boy, you stay out of that race and you may go to Stockholm yet, your ankle will get all right before that time, by—, that running you did just now was the prettiest thing I ever saw—" but Mac had turned and was walking away. He had a vague idea that Atwood was calling him "a — fool" as he left, but he didn't mind it now, he was going to win that cup and take it back to the South.

He was back at the line again, he didn't hear the cheers of the stand now, he was lost in the race, this was to be his last, he felt it; if his ankle held that long he would be thankful; he knew that it would never be any good afterward; he'd lower the record this time if he was to ever lower it, and somehow he never had a doubt but that he would do it. He was off, he didn't think of the other men who were in the race, he didn't even think of the cup now, he bent every fiber of his being to make this, his last big race, his greatest; he thought he turned his ankle, but he didn't mind that, he would never need it again; it seemed that he had been running almost for minutes and he wondered how much further it was, he hadn't lifted his eyes, they were fastened on the track, gliding from beneath him like a great grey ribbon; he couldn't even hear the men behind him running now, but he made a last supreme effort and felt the tape on his breast and heard the timer call out, "Nine and one-fifth," as he staggered to the ground. He had barely strength enough to be glad he had lowered the record and to notice the great stream of humanity that was pouring out of the stands, headed by a raving mob of blue, and to know that he was their destination.

As they lifted him to their shoulders he said, "Be careful, boys, I broke that ankle again when I stumbled as I hit the tape"—and then he smiled as he added, "But I'll never need it again, anyway."

V. B. L.

If I Should Bust Today

If I should bust today
And you should look upon my grade and smile,
Whispering reproaches in my ear the while,

If I should bust today
And you should come without a show of grief,
But rather with a look of pleased relief
And with marked speech and accents slow
Merely remark, "I told you so."

If I should bust today
And you should call to mind those days
Which carelessly I squandered in a thousand ways—

I say—If I should bust today
And you should speak and there and then
Remind me of that morning when
Carelessness gave me "zero" 'stead of "ten,"
I might have busted once,
But I'd explode again.

J. G. C., '13.



Never give your girl books to read when she is fond of candy.



Officers of Philomathean Society

First Term:

MAYHALL, N. G.	President
MARTIN, V. G.	Vice-President
HILL, E. C.	Secretary
RUSSELL, HORACE	Critic

Second Term:

HALL, L. D.	President
BEATTY, S. C.	Vice-President
PHILLIPS, T. R.	Secretary
MAYHALL, N. G.	Critic

Third Term:

RUSSELL, HORACE	President
WHITTINGTON, S. B.	Vice-President
ST. JOHN, C. J.	Secretary
BIGGERS, BURLEY	Critic

Fourth Term:

POPE, P. G.	President
MARTIN, V. G.	Vice-President
RATCLIFF, W. H.	Secretary
ANDERSON, W. H.	Critic

*"Man can live without music, arts and books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."
—O. P. Estes.*

PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY



1912

"Fair words gladden so many a heart."



Officers of Hermenian Society

First Term:

SASSER, T. L.	President
BRENT, J. C.	Vice-President
FORTENBERRY, W. E.	Secretary
POPE S. G.	Critic

Second Term:

POPE, S. G.	President
TOMPSON, E. S.	Vice-President
WALLACE, L. G.	Secretary
LAMBERT, W. T.	Critic

Third Term:

BRENT, J. C.	President
DALE, I. F.	Vice-President
SUMRALL, F. H.	Secretary
HALCOMB, W. E.	Critic

Fourth Term:

LAMBERT, W. T.	President
HALCOMB, W. E.	Vice-President
PEEBLES, I. E.	Secretary
DALE, I. F.	Critic

"The worth of our work, perhaps."—L'Allegro Staff.

HERMENIAN ANNIVERSARY



S. G. Pope, Anniversarian
J. C. Brent, Second Orator

T. L. Sasser, First Orator
E. S. Thompson, Third Orator

"Justice is a costly luxury and the ordinary man can't afford it."



Modern Celebrities

S. G. POPE:
Hermenian Anniversarian.
Representative to M. I. A.

W. H. ANDERSON:
President Senior Class.
Business Manager L'Allegro.

T. L. SASSER:
Chief Editor L'Allegro.
Hermenian First Orator.

N. G. MAYHALL:
Philomathean Anniversarian.
Chief Editor Mississippi College Magazine.



Intercollegiate Debating

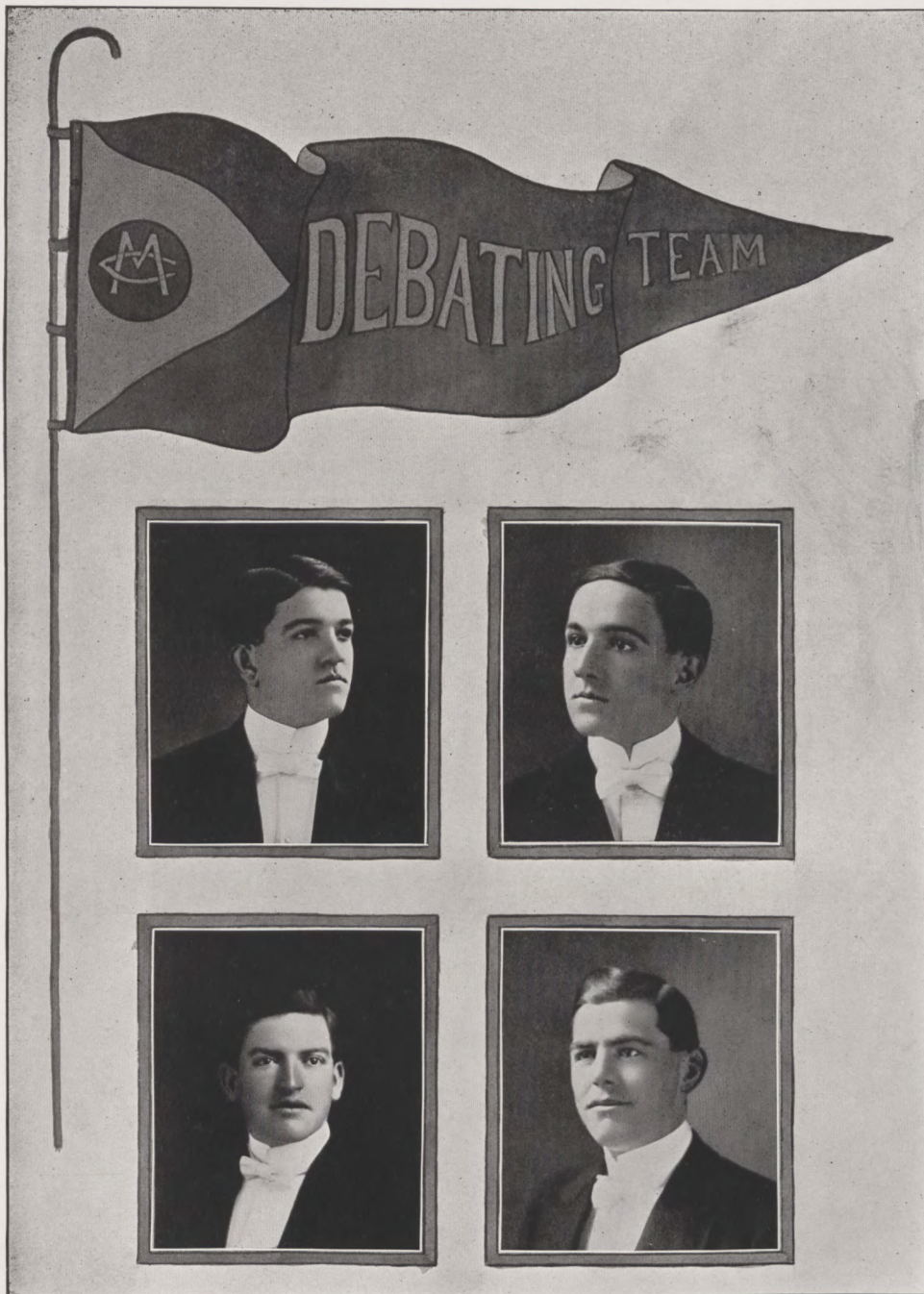
Realizing that the work in the Literary Societies had decreased in merit because of the lack of an incentive, the friends of this branch of college activity started a movement to secure Inter-collegiate Debate for Mississippi College. The plan adopted is as follows:

A Debating Council is in charge of all arrangements for the debates. This council is elected annually and consists of five members—two Hermenians elected by the Hermenian Society, two Philomatheans elected by the Philomathean Society, and one Professor, selected by the Faculty. An annual Inter-society debate is held soon after Christmas to select the 'Varsity Debating Team. There are two committees of judges for debate; one of these decides which Society wins, the other selects the individual speakers who are to represent us in Inter-collegiate Debate.

The council has concluded arrangements for an annual triangular debate between Millsaps, A. & M., and Mississippi College. This year the A. & M. negative team meets our affirmative team at Clinton, our negative team meets Millsaps affirmative at Jackson, while Millsaps and A. & M. fight it out at Starkville. These three debates on the same subject take place at the three colleges all on the same night. Although in these two colleges, which are both experienced in the art of debating, we know that we are meeting "foemen worthy of our steel," Mississippi College is confident of coming off with flying colors.

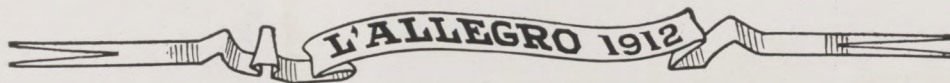


"People love as they hate, unreasonably."



L. D. Hall.
W. H. C. Dudley.

W. E. Holcomb.
P. G. Pope.



Officers of the Demosthenean Society

First Term:

JONES, C. D.	President
RUSSELL, T. J.	Vice-President
GRANTHAM, L. A.	Secretary

Second Term:

JOHNSTON, S. W.	President
SHOWS, W. T.	Vice-President
SHEFFIELD, G. T.	Secretary

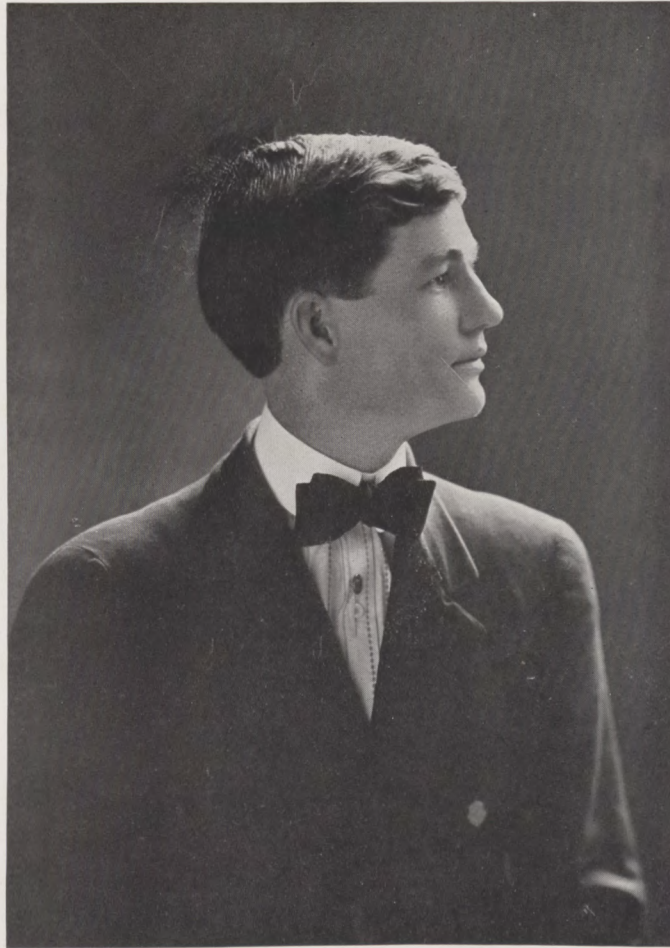
Third Term:

WALLACE, FRED	President
GRANTHAM, L. A.	Vice-President
PATTERSON, R. B.	Secretary

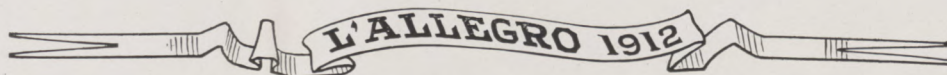
Fourth Term:

SHOWS, W. T.	President
RUSSELL, T. J.	Vice-President
ROGERS, S. W.	Secretary

"The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resign."—Tacitus.



J. R. OLIVER, ANNIVERSARIAN.



Demosthenean Society

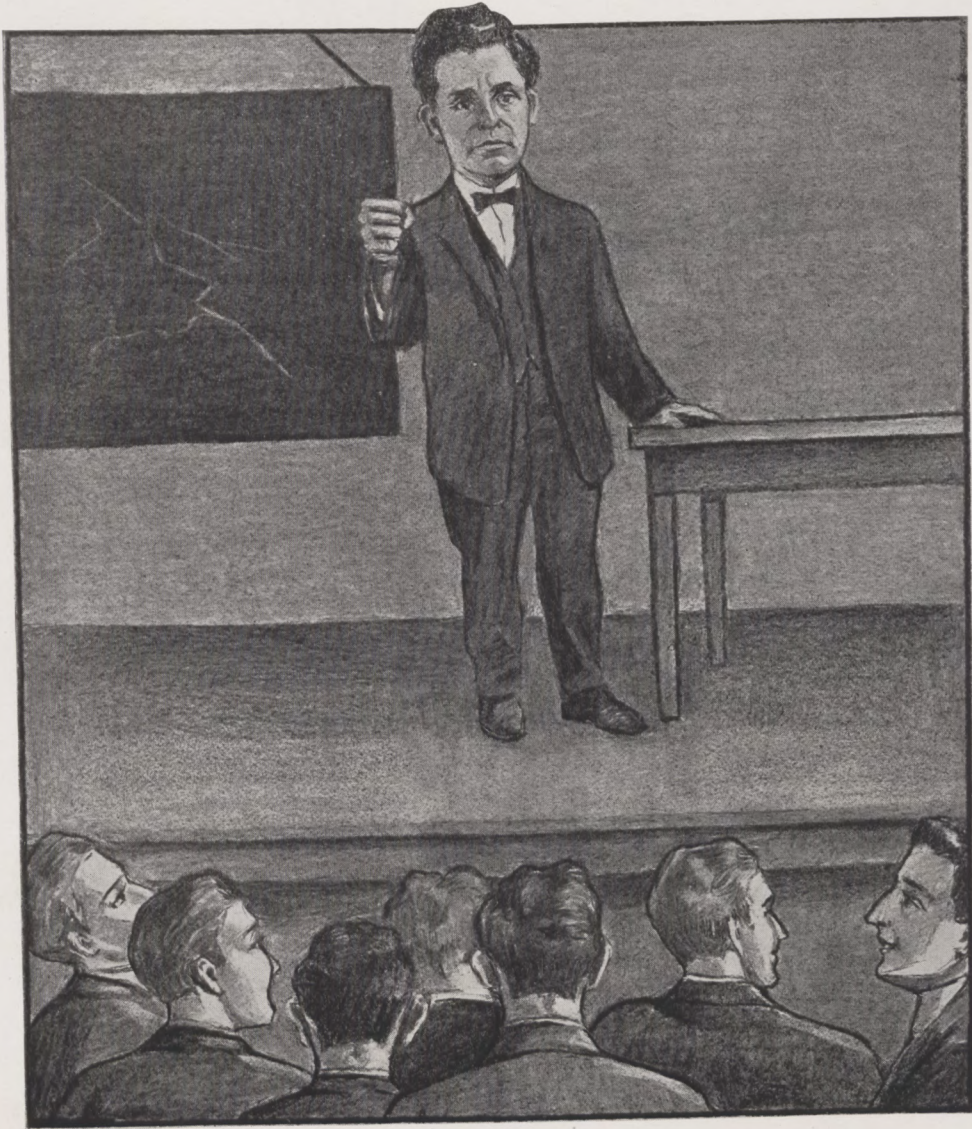
For several years previous to 1907, it had been evident that the Philomathean and Hermenean Societies were entirely too large to do effective work, and in the autumn of that year the Faculty decided to organize a new literary society, the membership of which should be restricted to students of the Preparatory Department. Early in the session Dr. Lowrey and Prof. Godbold met with the students of this department to effect an organization. At the next meeting a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the name Demosthenean Literary Society, and a permanent organization was effected.

The splendid work of this organization from year to year has abundantly proved the wisdom of the step taken by the Faculty authorizing its formation. During the session of 1909-1910 the Society challenged the Freshmen of the Hermenean Society to a public debate, and the challenge was accepted with the result that the Demostheneans were victorious. The following session the Freshmen of the Philomathean Society were challenged, and again the Demostheneans defeated their opponents.

More important far than the winning of these public debates has been the good work done by the Society in the training of the men who have later taken leading parts in the other two societies.

The Demosthenean Society opened this year with an enrollment of nearly sixty. The work has moved along nicely and the Society has succeeded well, and even members of the other two societies admit that it has been doing the best work of any society in college.

"O what a dainty walk hath he."—Prof. Godbold.





"OLD RELIABLE"

Young Gentlemen: While it pains me greatly to do so I feel called upon to speak of a little matter which has forced itself upon the attention of the faculty. I am pleased to say that very seldom has it been necessary to take any harsh or unduly severe measures to enforce the rules and regulations which govern our institution. Just why it is now—just why it is—that a pusillanimous young prep will willfully and maliciously over-ride a rule which the faculty has seen fit to make, is a mystery to me—nay, I'll say more—it's a huckleberry beyond my persimmon, and I say, young men, it's got to stop—yes, you've got to cut it out! You've got to quit it! It must be stopped! An end must be made of it!

Now, you'll hardly believe what I say, but do you know there's a boy in this school who actually had the nerve—yes, the gall to slip to town for his mail after "the eight" ran last night. Perhaps he thought because he had a handkerchief tied over his head and a rain-coat on that I didn't get his name; but, young men, mark my words, "He who puteth his hand in the fire shall surely be burned!" This very American citizen already has over five hundred demerits, and mark my words, just so surely as he reaches the limit he shall be sent home. Little as you may think it, that young fellow is in this audience and is even now looking me right in the eye. Let him beware—sixty demerits means expulsion, and I wish to say right here that the faculty has decided unanimously that no student who has been expelled from this institution over six or seven times shall be taken back the same year. Young men, "The mill shall surely grind."



President's Home



Residence Street



Farewell !

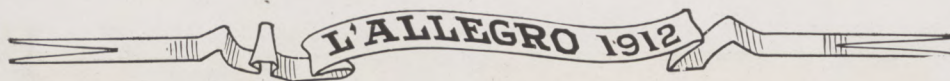
*A sound which makes us linger;—yet, farewell"—Byron.
Farewell! A word that must be and hath been—*

We grieve to have to say it, yet since it must be, we can but smile and striking hands, bid a fond farewell to two who have meant much to us. Two, who during past years, have labored faithfully, courageously, and with no mean success for the betterment, the honor, and the lasting good of Mississippi College.

Their places will be filled, their work will be taken up by others, whom we shall learn to love, but ever in the hearts of those who have once known Professors Johnson and Godbold, there will be a feeling of sorrow and gladness. Sorrow that they leave us, but gladness that our lives have been in touch with theirs, and that at their hands we have received rich gifts of knowledge, of courage, and of those things which make life a success.

We bid them adieu now. May the same success which has crowned their efforts here be also theirs in the work which they are about to undertake. Mississippi College points to them with pride; they have been called to places of responsibility and honor. They will fill them nobly and gracefully. Our good will and prayers go with them, and to us remains the memory of two able, worthy, Christian gentlemen.





'Stute of Hillman, Ere We Part

'Stute of Hillman, ere we part,
Give! O, give me back my heart!
But if you won't—then lady sweet,
Give, O, give me a receipt,
Hand it here before I go;
'Stutie dear, I love you so.

Keep my gifts so rich and rare,
Keep them, for you've won 'em fair;
Keep my pennants an' my books,
Keep my lovin', longin' looks;
'Twas for you I spent my dough—
'Stutie dear, I love you so.

'Stute of Hillman, ere we part,
Give! O, give me back my heart!
But if you won't—come now, play fair,
Give me instead a lock of hair;
Can I cease to spark thee? No!
'Stutie dear, I love you so.

J. G. C., '13.



Sisters, Cousins, Sweethearts.



ANOTHER NEMO

“Dreams, Just Dreams”

You rascals, give close attention now—I am going to show clearly, yet briefly, a little bit of humor which appeals to me. My seven-year old son thought it extremely ludicrous.

Before retiring last night, I indulged myself by gormandizing a whole soda cracker which caused me much unrest, and strange dreams haunted my sleep. I thought I saw a platform, some eight hundred feet high erected before the chapel building, and on this platform a snow white horse, dressed in pink tights. I dreamed I was astride this horse, and in my hand, I held a book full of fresh zeros, which I fed the horse to keep him quiet. All of a sudden the horse heard someone sharpening a saw, and it got on his nerves so that he jumped off, and fell down! Down!! Down!!! Thereby proving the law of gravitation.

Now, young men, it is often easy to go from the sublime to the ridiculous, but I hope you will not let your selves be prejudiced against automobiles by this dream that I am about to relate.



Seated on my gallery immediately after dinner, one warm afternoon this spring, *having partaken liberally of onions during the noon repast (you know I am a vegetarian) I snoozed a bit, and while wrapt in the arms of Morpheus, I dreamed a dream.

I thought the College had presented me with a splendid automobile, but this wonderful car, instead of being propelled by gasoline, was drawn by a rhinoceros that had six horns, and seven tails, to say nothing of numberless legs. I drove proudly around town, and took home, in person, all the groceries I bought, wrapped up in a large paper sack. On one of these trips, having my car full of soda crackers and pickles, I was horrified to find my steering wheel broken, and the rhinoceros run down. I tried all manner of ways to start my machine, but nothing would do. I twisted each of Rhino's tails severally and then collectively, but all to no avail—Rhino would not move. Suddenly he began backing and despite cries and imprecations, turned green and exploded with a loud report, upsetting the car, and inconveniencing me considerably—which leads me to say, young men, that you will have to pull up your dailies, or you will certainly experience unparalleled anguish on receipt of your examination grades. Louziane, Louziane—Dig—Dig—Dig!



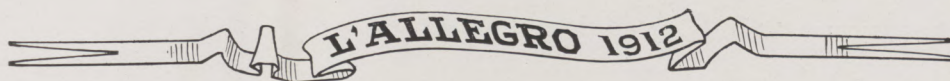
Sunrise

The dim light to the sou'ward
Is the beacon of the coast,
But the white light to the leeward
The mariner loves most.
And whether 'tis the dim light
Or the white light to the lee,
That great big hunk of daylight
Is light of lights for me.
But what it is of all lights
That fills my soul with glee,
Is when that hunk of daylight
Climbs up out of the sea.

Ben King.



SOWELL GORDON POPE.
Our Representative to M. I. A.



ON TO BALTIMORE

At the Hour and With the Men

By S. G. Pope

In the formation of a perfect union of states, loyalty is more binding than constitution, sentiment more potent than statute, devotion stronger than declaration. These cohesive forces can never exist in the greatest degree where the people of all sections are not accorded equal political privileges. Dwelling beneath the same flag, governed by the same organic law, contributing to the support of the same institutions, we style the North and the South a reunited country. Yet when we remember that no chief executive has been chosen from our section since the days of Zachary Taylor, we acknowledge with regret that there remains one breach in the sacred bond that would unite the hearts of the North with the hearts of Dixie. Were there no prospect of change in this condition, clouds of political discord would still darken our national skies and the spirit of secession would linger. This feeling, however, is rapidly fading from the Southland; for those barriers that have held our people for the last fifty years in political isolation have been leveled to the earth, and conditions have arisen that impel all sections to call for the guiding hand of Southern statesmanship.

The most prominent hindrance to our political preferment has been sectional malice. That has been largely dispelled. Time which has leveled forts has healed wounds. The North is coming to see the justice of the Confederate cause, and that is an obvious factor in removing bitterness. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, in his life of Daniel Webster, makes this candid statement: "When the constitution was adopted by the votes of the states at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of the states in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country from Washington and Hamilton on one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the states, and from which each and every state had the right peacefully to withdraw—a right that was very likely to be exercised." Charles Francis Adams, an eminent Northern citizen, in speaking of the right of secession, said that the settlement reached has been the result, not of reason based upon historical evidence, but of events and of force. They who laid waste our land and slew our warriors, transformed by the power of investigation, are lifting their voices to speak our eulogy, and



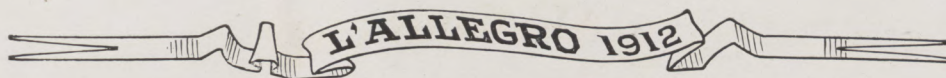
will build monuments to mark our heroes' fall. The man of Tarsus, who dragged our people to prison, brought low by history's dazzling light, has become our brother.

However fiercely the passions of anger may rage within the hearts of a people, however divided they be, when confronted by a common enemy they forget all schisms that may exist among themselves and unite their forces in bringing to defeat their country's foe. Such was the most beneficial result of the Spanish-American War. When in vindication of our national honor, and in response to the cries of an oppressed people, the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray fought side by side to drive Spanish tyranny from Western shores, there was confirmed throughout the entire nation, the feeling that our mission henceforth is not to keep alive the embers of sectional hate, but to contribute to the glory of our cherished union.

Thousands of those intrepid warriors that grappled during the ghastly days of the sixties, have responded to Eternity's bugle call, and stand together in the immortal legions of the world invisible; while the veterans that linger, possessed of that divinity that forgives, are turning away from bitter memories to bygone struggles to set their affections upon the higher goal of national brotherhood. With the death of sectional hate, Justice and Patriotism are coming forth from their hiding places to sit as arbiters of our national elections, and unmindful of boundry lines, to base their decisions upon executive power and untiring devotion.

Aside from the removal of this hindrance, another condition that contributes to our political weal is the conservation of our blood. In many of our Northern and Eastern states at least fifty percent of the population are either of foreign birth or of parents born in foreign countries. A vast number of these have come from the inferior races of the Orient. But the South having guarded with an ardent pride the integrity of her race, can boast of the nation's purest blood. Ninety-five percent of her white population are sprung from colonial stock—the peerless Saxon, mingled with the virile strains of the French, Scotch-Irish, and German. That race has filled our history with resplendent stories and covered our graves with glory. It has given wisdom to our councils, expended our domains into empires, and directed our swords in the gaining of undying victories. It gave the Revolution the untarnished sword of Washington, the intrepid leadership of Morgan, Henry Lee, and Moultrie, and the deathless names of Sumpter, Marion, and Pickens. It was a Southern general, leading a Southern army, who on the field of New Orleans, filled the enemy with consternation and excited the admiration of the world. The same inherent spirit was displayed at Beuna Vista, where Taylor and Davis snatched victory from almost certain defeat.

Our triumphs in war have been no more brilliant than our achievements in peace.



When the colonies groaned beneath the burden of tryanny, it was the South that produced the statmanship of Washington and Madison, the pungent rhetoric of Henry, the trenchant eloquence of Randolph and the cogent pens of Mason and Jefferson. It filled our first constitutional convention with its most stalwart characters. It gave to us the genius of Marshall, who reflected honor upon our first judicial ermine. Was it not the prophetic vision of Southern statesmanship that added to our territory the empire of Louisiana, the wealth of Oregon, California and New Mexico, the genial shores of Florida, and the broad savannahs of Texas? The prodigious rise of our fathers from the desolation of war is an everlasting encomium on the stamina of our race. Heroes of a thousand battlefields, subdued in strength, but not in spirit, they returned to their prostrate land, and with a courage more valorous than that exhibited by the Spartans at Thermopolae or by the Highlanders at Balaclava, set themselves to the Herculean task of building a glorious future from the ruins of the past. What other people in years so few, ever established such industrial grandeur upon the ashes of a denuded country? Who else could have restored political order amid such wild confusion? Time forbids that we name the imperishable deeds that our people have performed or call the roll of those majestic figures like Calhoun, Prentiss, Stephens, Davis, and Lamar, whose ability and devotion have contributed to our nation's strength and world-wide prestige.

The patriotic citizens of the North are not blind to our achievements. Well do they know that our citizenship that brought forth heroes yesterday remains undefiled and can produce leaders today. Solicitous for the nation's good, with a steadfast faith in our inherent virtues, they are willing that sectional lines be removed forever, and that we don once more our beautiful garments of political power.

Surely the day is dawning when a Southern man shall be the first citizen of the land. Have we not the man for the hour? Sons of a right royal parentage, have we not men today whose ardent patriotism, reason and experience can guide the Ship of State through terrific storms, and bring it safe to port? Reared in a humble home, imbibing a sympathy for the common people, prepared for the conflicts of life by a broad and liberal education, a man who would exhibit the same skill and courage as chief executive as he displayed while presiding over our last Congress, is that native of Kentucky, but adopted son of Missouri, the Hon. Champ Clark. The mother of presidents has given birth to another son to emulate the example of Jefferson. Reared in Virginia, and pursuing the legal profession for years in Georgia, he is pre-eminently Southern; yet having labored for almost two decades in a Northern state, his influence permeates both sections. His present administration has compelled the commendation of political opponents, and millions are looking to him to lead his party to victory. Christian gentleman, scholar, author, orator, statesman,



service from Woodrow Wilson is service indeed. Drudging within the committee rooms of Congress is another political genius, a product of the solid South. During his congressional career of sixteen years, he has explored every channel of American Statescraft. The unquestioned champion of downward revision, so conversant with tariff schedules that he has been called the William McKinley of the Democratic Party, he is equipped as no other to solve the question of national revenue. His convictions can neither be moved by the appeals of his friends nor shaken by the persecutions of his foes. While standing at his post and fighting the peoples' battles, he has remained away from the hustings and left his own political fortunes unprotected. Whether he be raised to the president's chair or consigned to the ranks of our private citizens, in the annals of Southern statesmen there will shine with perpetual radiance the name of Alabama's illustrious son, Oscar W. Underwood.

On the 25th of June, at the hour, and with the men, our delegates are going to Baltimore. They will not hold their peace as in other days, but will assert their neglected rights. In language lofty, dignified and convincing, they will portray the merits of our statesmen. Then when some citizen of the Southland has been chosen to bear the colors of our party, let us seize our lances, and in support of that leader, wage such a political battle as America has never seen.

When the victory is won, when the doors of our executive mansion are open to the entire nation, when the ambitions of Southern youths are no longer checked by the obstinate barriers of sectionalism, we shall be indeed a united people. Glorious will be the day when Northern and Southern sisters shall tell their stories and sing their songs around the hearthstone of a sincere union. Massachusetts will tell of her Webster, South Carolina laud the name of Calhoun; New York will eulogize her Hamilton; Virginia speak praises of Jefferson; Illinois will proclaim the virtues of her Lincoln; Mississippi extol the sublime character of her majestic Davis. While the North will ever love the strains of Yankee Doodle, and the South still cherish her Dixie, all will blend their voices in one grand chorus:

"I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain side.
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide.
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates,
For the queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
My own United States."



Religious Organizations



Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS

W. H. ANDERSON	President
N. G. MAYHALL	Vice-President
H. E. PORTER	Secretary
J. C. BRENT	Treasurer

The Young Men's Christian Association has for its aim the noblest undertaking of any organization in existence, except the churches themselves, namely, the saving of the young men for country, for themselves, and for God. Its aim is not to take the place of the churches, but to supplement their work; to reach young men where the churches have not reached them, and to do for them some things which they have not been in a position to do. The Young Men's Christian Association, recognizing the social side of the young man's nature, attempts to furnish, to some extent, healthful social recreation, and realizing the need of a sound body, encourages and helps to provide physical culture, besides carrying on its main religious work.

Although there is not need of so wide a range of work in Mississippi College, because of the greater amount of other religious and athletic activities, yet we have a strong Y. M. C. A., which does a valuable work. Last fall we commenced a movement to get the new students lined up in our religious activities as soon as they enter college, and we hope that we may be able to make this work still more effective. We have had half a dozen mission study classes at work this winter, conducted under the auspices of the Association, with probably a hundred men in attendance. No greater problem confronts the young man than that of personal purity, and our Y. M. C. A. has, for the past two sessions, conducted campaigns looking to the solution of this. Besides our local physicians and others, we wish to mention President J. C. Hardy of Mississippi A. & M. College, who, as an earnest worker for the cause, paid the College a visit, giving two of our lectures on the subject.

Our chief aim is to encourage personal religious work and spiritual growth among the students, and we hope to see the Association fill a larger and larger place in the life of the College each year. For there is a place for it which no other agency can successfully fill.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET



B. Y. P. U. Presidents

1911-12

T. L. Sasser

J. C. Brent

O. P. Estes

N. G. Mayhall

H. E. Porter

W. H. Anderson

L. R. Ellzey

"If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life that e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part."



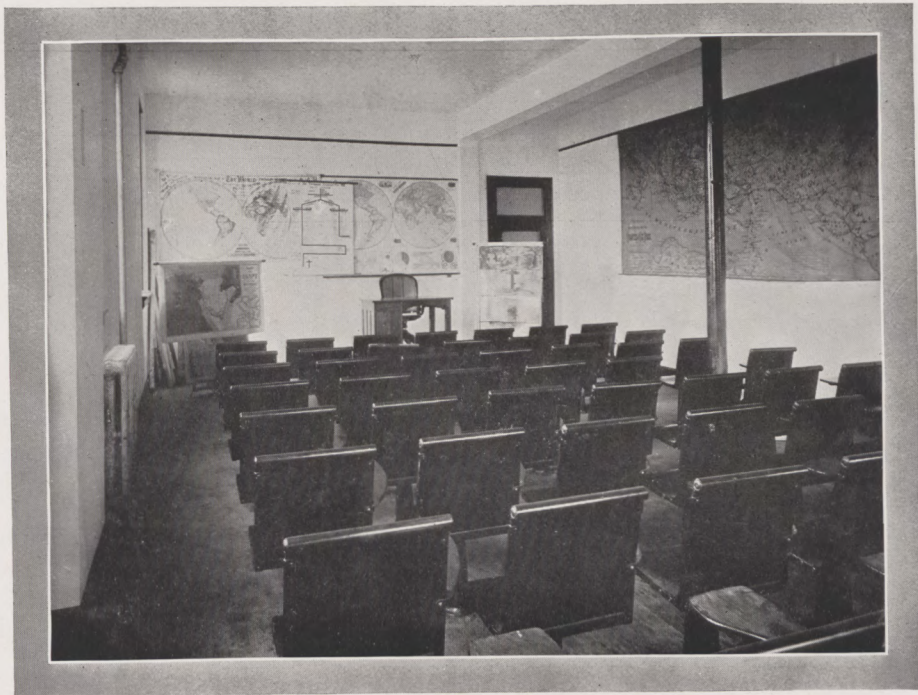


The Voyage

Off there in the golden West,
A-far down the stream of Life,
A-stir with its tear and jest,
A-stir with its joy and strife,—
We, who from the glowing East
Are borne on the cresting wave,
Look down where the stream has ceased,
And think, where the wavelets lave
And wash on the sands of gold,
Of things that will bring us there,—
What things that we've bought and sold
And loved may we still keep there?

But what does it matter now
What things we may treasure then?
The wreathes that shall crown our brow
Will tell how we lived as men.
So then, where the East winds blow
A-down toward the glowing West,
We'll broaden the streamlet's flow,
Till there on the river's breast
We'll strive for the things that last,
And down where the current's deep
We'll search while our boat speeds fast
Or work while the wind's asleep.

We'll gather the pearls we find
And smiles from the sun-beams take,
And strength where the rushes bind,
Or peace from the white snow-flake.
We'll take what our Pilot gives
And build till we reach our goal,—
We'll know from the storm He lives,
And find in His flower a soul.
And then when the sea we reach
We'll rest on the golden sand
And count on the glittering beach
The things we have brought to land.
V. B. L.



DR. SPROLES' LECTURE ROOM.



The South's Call for College Men

H. E. Porter

Twenty years ago, the breezes that swept up from the bosom of the Mexican Gulf, over the hills and vales of South Mississippi drew from thousands of acres of virgin pines the restful lullabies of the forests. But years ago the ignorant inhabitants of the cabins that stood in the clearings of these forests were suddenly awakened from their lethargy by the hum of band-saws and the scream of edgers that turned this plentiful timber into one of the most valuable building material on the world's market; the yellow hearts of these hitherto worthless pines began to be coined into gleaming gold for the capitalist. Never again were these rustic people to enjoy the bliss, if bliss it were, of their peaceful existence in the forests, where, soothed to rest by the ceaseless murmurs of the pines, and undisturbed by the hurrying throng of the commercial world, they were content with the satisfying of their simple wants; for today few are the remaining tracts of valuable yellow pine, and the men of this section have caught step with the hurrying throng of the out-side world and are marching to meet the dawn of a financial prosperity hitherto unknown in the South. But the sleeper has awakened, as it were, only after his clothes are stolen from him; for with the coming of commercialism, the former owners of the land have come to realize that they sold their most valuable possession for a song. This untold wealth that might have reimbursed these impoverished people for the losses of the Civil War was forfeited to those who had come to the country only after the storms of war and reconstruction had passed.

But the pine lands are not the only resources with which the Creator has endowed the commonwealth; agricultural lands that rival the valley of the Nile await the hand of the scientific cultivator to turn the rural districts into what shall be but extensions of the cities in point of development and prosperity. This is literally the condition in the case of the sections surrounding the cities in the East and North, and in many sections of the West. That the majority of the farmers in the South have never dreamed of the real meaning of the term "rural prosperity" is startlingly revealed to one reared in the South when he first travels in other agricultural sections of the country.

The first cause of this, on the side of the South, is of course the effects of the devastating war of the '60's. But there is another side to it; not only has the Northern farm had the advantage of a long period of peaceful development, but farming land being scarcer and the population greater, the Northern farmer has learned how, through thrift and the careful management of every branch of farm industry, to make a small farm yield as much as the average farm in the South several times as large. From this industry of the Northern and Eastern farmer has developed, through experiment and study, the present scientific methods of farming. These methods, practiced on land not half so valuable as ours, has made the land owners independent and prosperous.

In the general lack of commercial activity, manufacturing has never been carried on to a large extent in the South; for, as there has been, since the Civil War, little capital to establish it, the capitalists have put their capital where there was greatest production of raw material and also the better market. This has left the South a market to be supplied by shipment from distant manufactories and even the raw material produced in the South has been largely shipped to the manufactories to be worked up, and a part returned to the South as manufactured goods, thus adding the extra expense of long shipments to the original cost of

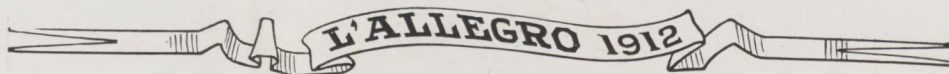


production. Moreover, the Northern and Eastern markets have been so thoroughly worked in the rapid rise of the manufacturing industry that competition has become exceedingly sharp, while on the other hand, the manufacturer finds the South a more open market for his goods. But there is coming to be more raw material produced in the South, so why to furnish the Southern market, need the manufacturer be forced to ship his goods a long distance, when the labor also is to be had nearer the market?

Thus as the Northern farmer and Eastern manufacturer are turning their attention to the South, there is beginning to turn hither a tide of industrial and commercial progress. Here is territory for expansion; here is an open and growing market; here is room for the overflow of population. And, alas for the South, here is a people who are willing to be the wage-earners of the capitalists, knowing not the value of their resources, because they have not been educated to develop them, knowing not the value of the most precious of their possessions—theirself, the honest, sturdy race of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood on the American continent—a possession far too valuable to the world itself to be sold into the iron hand of industrial masters for the modern mess of pottage, the daily wages. It is the race that has fought battles and endured trials, the race that has never tolerated corruption, the antecedent of decay, but, because it has fostered honesty and righteousness, has kept its life and growth healthy and vigorous. And as long as such a people are in power, we need have no fear for the governments of our Southern commonwealths; as long as they are industrially free, the institutions of our society will remain righteous and true.

But how long will we remain, as we are today, our own industrial masters? This depends, my college friends, upon the course you and I take in securing our education; if we are to retain control of our industry and commerce, we must secure the education and training necessary to enable us to extend it over broader fields and carry it on upon more modern principles. Upon you and me here in college today, will fall tomorrow the burden of commercial and political and social activities; upon the thoroughness of our training will depend our ability to bear the burdens and meet the responsibilities. How, then, do we spend our leisure moments; are we learning of men and affairs, of the outside world and its life? If not, we shall some day find ourselves utterly unable to compete with the trained men of affairs who are being rapidly attracted to the South to direct its increasing activities. By imagining ourselves in the position of responsibility in the large cities today, we can gain an idea of what will be required of the leaders of affairs of the South in the coming decades. Suppose, for instance, that you, when graduated, were placed in the office of a large corporation that met a keen competition with the shrewdest of business methods; how long, think you, would it take you to rise to its head? If you learned the details of the work of the different departments, and the principles of the business so well as to be able to keep the business policy and methods of operation adjusted to growth, change of outside conditions, and ever-increasing competition, you must indeed have a keen intellectual perception and an active brain; and these in turn, cannot long endure the strain of modern hurry and rush without a strong and healthy physique.

There are, in the North and East particularly, thousands of men who have, we might say, been trained in the problems of carrying on their business under conditions of the keenest competition; their fathers before them were business men, and in business methods they have been trained from youth. The most familiar illustration of this is probably the Morgan family; J. P. Morgan, the head of the house that is the controlling factor in the world's finance, is the son of a father who was one of the greatest bankers of his own day, and J. P. Morgan, Jr., now past forty-five, and the agent of his aged father, who has retired from active business life, will probably succeed him as head of the house. While this is an illustration high above our heads, yet it is one that applies to business on every plane, in spite of the fact that there is yet much opportunity for advancement for men not so fortunate



who are, nevertheless, willing to toil. And it is with such men that we, the sons, perhaps, of the ignorant Confederate soldier, reared, probably, on the farm, where we have been shut in from the life of the great rushing world of progressive thought and strenuous action; it is with such men, I say, that we will have to reckon. Will we be able, think you, to compete?

Even the most thoughtless will be forced to admit that without the best of training we cannot hope to keep ahead of the rapidly rising tide of business and affairs. How, then, shall we obtain this training? Surely, no one who is interested enough to ask the question has ever thought of being content with less than a full college course; most deplorable is the blindness that prevents men from realizing that, under conditions, only the very best preparation obtainable will fit one for a successful life-work. One may leave school without a finished education, content to live in the same sphere where he was born, to become a leader only a degree superior to those whom he has known from his earliest youth; but soon he must find that conditions have changed; that the enterprises which men are today beginning are on a far larger scale than he has ever known before and call for leaders of far greater ability, while he has been preparing to adjust himself to conditions as they were decades ago.

But for you and me, my friends, if we view the broad expanse of the states with a far-seeing eye, and desire to become leaders therein, there is needed a yet higher degree of training than a common college course. Be we prospective business men, professional men, or preachers, it is all the same; the problems in the midst of a growing industry and increasing population will be far greater than before, and the new generation will require of us more intelligent planning, better methods of work, and more strenuous activity than our fathers have ever known. And to get the best training, we need a university post-graduate course to supplement our college work. President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, in making an address before the graduating class of a certain college, made an assertion, the substance of which was as follows: "The day of the self-made man is rapidly passing; it is only the university trained man that will be qualified for leadership in business and affairs in the future."

Do you say, however, that you do not care for a great place in the world? But, my friend, the world is calling for men who have the opportunity to prepare for its work and its problems; we, of this Anglo-Saxon race, who have been reared to know the supreme value of honesty and justice, are needed in the affairs of a nation whose business is being rapidly corrupted by graft. The South is calling upon her sons to strengthen themselves to guide her affairs before the money-mad sons of other sections shall come to seize their inheritance, and to rise up in their might to defend the institutions and customs of her society against the decaying influences that are being introduced by foreign immigration. If we do not quickly heed her call, they will come upon us, and, like our primeval pine forests, our commerce and our industry will pass into more skillful hands. In the presence of opportunities like ours, the boy who idles away the precious hours of his college life commits what is nothing short of a crime—a crime against himself, against his country and against his God. But may not you and I, my friend, be found, in this time of crisis, true?

Mississippi College Magazine



Publ'ly During the Her-
mat. eties

Clinton, Miss.,

Second-Class

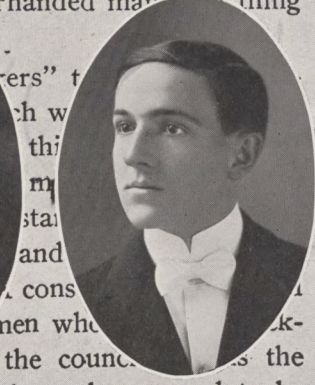
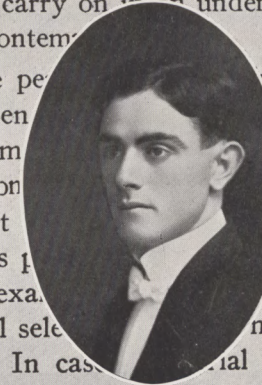
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ard of public honor, the honor of the student body cannot be
what it should be when we permit a few to disregard the rights
of the majority and carry on in an underhanded manner, thing
which is in contempt



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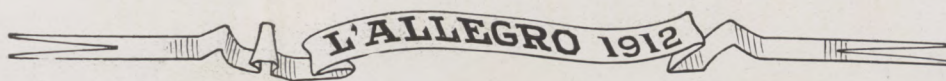
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Herm. Local Ed.

L. D. HALL,
Philo. Local Ed.

HORACE RUSSELL,
Philo. Ex. Ed.

W. E. HOLCOMB,
Herm. Ath. Ed.



The Magazine Staff

It is with a tinge of pardonable pride that we think of our fellow-workers in the World of College Publications, the editors of the Mississippi College Magazine. In presenting their pictures, we present the pictures of eight men who have come to stand for something among their fellow students, and each and every one of them has proven himself worthy of the honor that has been bestowed upon him and equal to the work that goes along with it. The magazine of a Southern College is its monthly messenger to the outside world; nine times each year it goes on the library tables of almost every sister institution in Dixieland, it recalls to the hearts of the Alumni the thrill of loyalty that is essential to the high standing of his Alma Mater, it goes into the hands of many other friends of the school and friends of her students, it should be found on the table of every member of the studentbody; on the inside it creates a college spirit that would be impossible without it and on the outside it inevitably leaves an impression on the mind of any person to whom it may come that will always be associated by him with the name of the institution. It awakens and encourages in the student the dormant literary abilities and is fast becoming in the world of writers what the debating society was to the army of powerful speakers that has sprung up throughout the country and that is exerting such far reaching influences on our civilization, a school of apprenticeship in which the future masters are receiving their training. Knowing the trials of college editors as we do, their ups and downs, sunshine and shadows, we congratulate the Magazine Staff of Nineteen Eleven and Twelve on the success of their efforts in putting out a publication that has been a credit to the school and that our friends and exchanges have been pleased to class with the best in the land.



AFTER THE GAME.



QUARTET.



Summer Sunset

All alone, before the twilight,
Sit we here together, you and I,
Midst the glories of the sunset,
Rocking, gently rocking, on the bay;

By the glowing lights of evening
Sitting, watching as they paint the cloud-banks
With their tints of rose and gold,
Jewels of the glorious King of Day.

O'er us spread is heaven's gilded
Canopy, in our happy hearts a peace;
Thus has ended one day more,
Blessed by Him, our all-sufficient King.

Now all nature quiet is, and
Earth, all placid, calm, seems resting from her
Labors; not a sound the grateful
Stillness breaks, save as the last few birds,

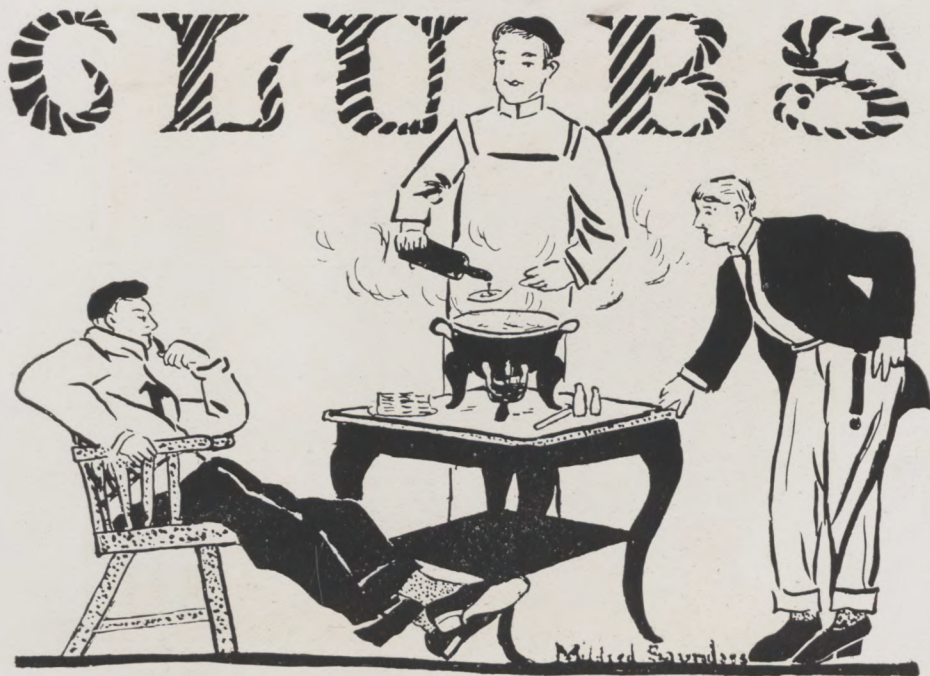
Homeward now returning, music
Make among the trees; full happy they with
What today they have received, the
Gracious gifts of nature's bounteous King.

Sun now setting, tints the water,
Deeply blushing, like a happy maiden
From the kiss of youthful lover,
Seal of all his promises at parting;

And, as softer glows your raiment
With the golden light from clouds and water,
Burns my heart with honest love
Bright as glows the fiery western sky.

H. E. P.





The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumps upon your back
 How he esteems your merit,
 Is such a friend, that one hath need
 Be very much his friend indeed,
 To pardon or to bear it.

—Cowper.



Captain Trouser and Manager Towser.



"The Medicos"

POPE, P. G.	President
BALLINGER, R. L.	Vice-President
STRINGER, E. F.	Secretary

Melton, E. C.
Oates, J. K.
Jones, S. A., Jr.
Anderson, H. C.

Denson, J. J.
West, A. W.
Middleton, T. A.
Seward, B. F.



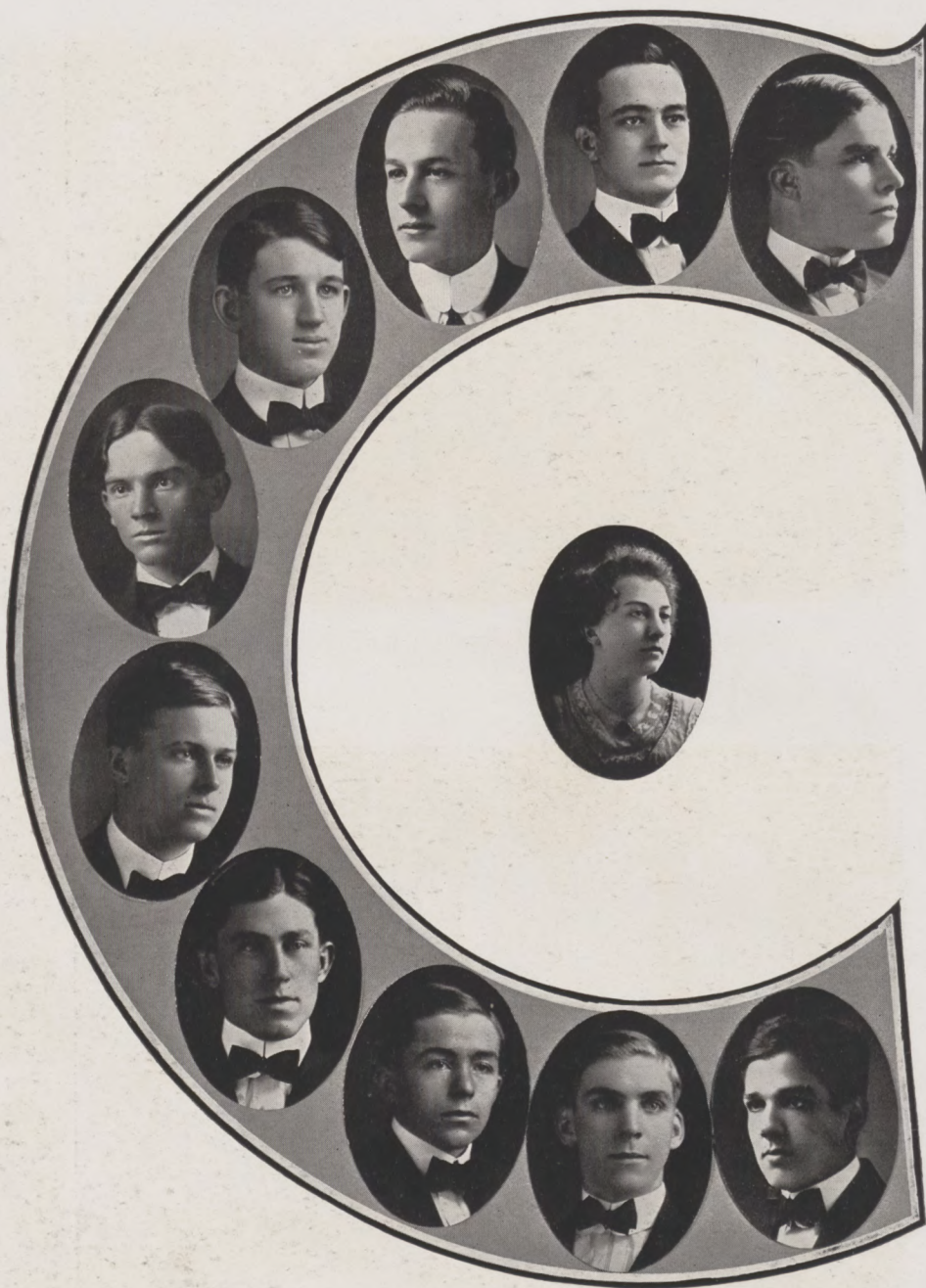
BROTHERS ALL.



MOORE HOUSE

Motto—"We hardly ever care."

Chadwick, Huff, McClellan, Small, Hall, St. John, Chas., Coleman, Whittington, Jennings, St. John, D., Love, Chastain, Webb, Dutchy, Jr.



CASEY HOUSE.



MISSISSIPPI HEIGHTERS.



"All things come to those who wait."



THE JOYS

Motto—Every cloud has a silvery lining.



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"THE GENTLEMEN FROM LINCOLN."



MARION CO. CLUB.



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—but O U Jasper Co.



No Use to "Cuss"

There is no use to "cuss," if a neighbor drops in,
And asks for the loan of a hundred or two,
Just come straight across, and hand him the tin,
For that is the sensible thing to do.

There is no use to "cuss," if your wife comes in,
And calmly asks for a bit of your gold,
Just loosen that string with a good-natured grin,
To smile is better by far than scold.

There is no use to "cuss," if the banker sends in,
"Over-drawn, come please, and cover at once,"
For this is the point, where thousands begin
The devil to pay as well as the dunce.

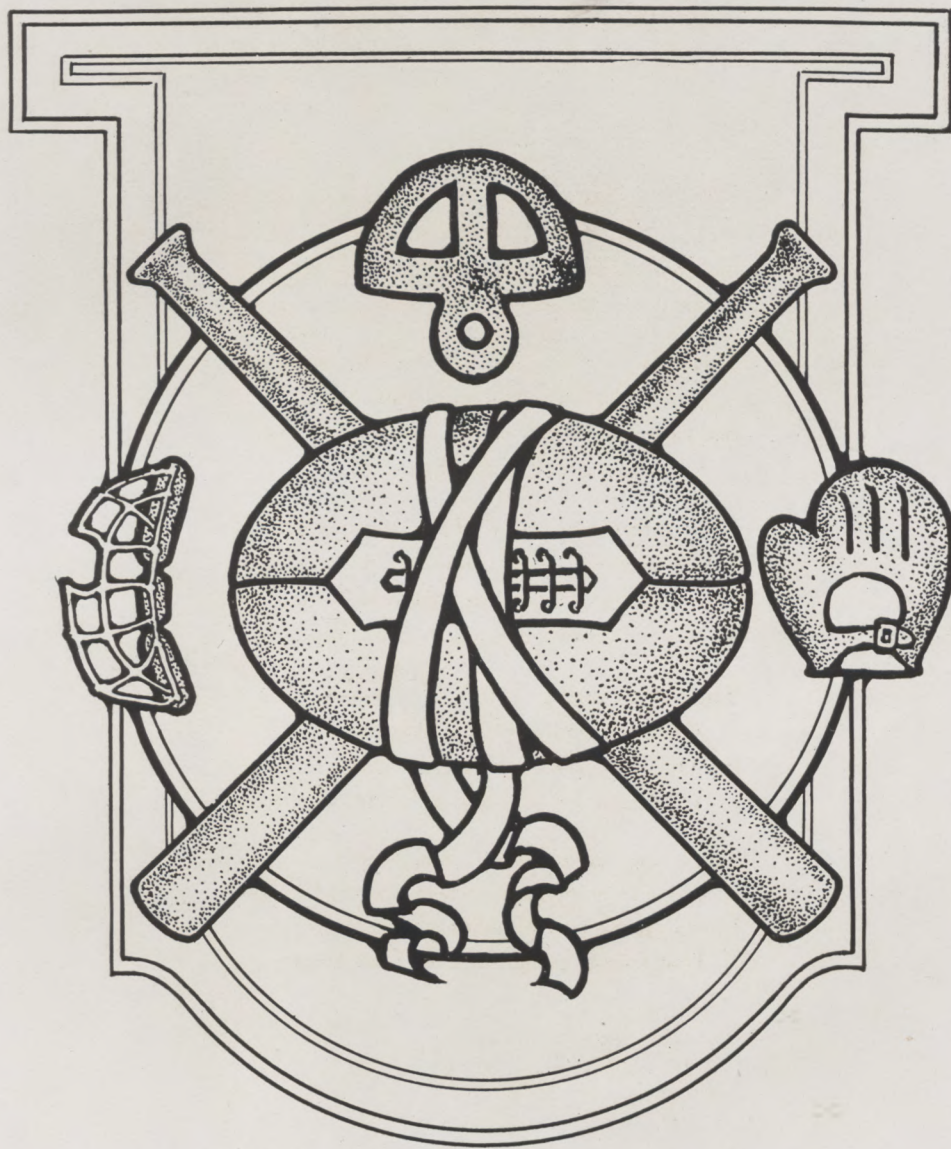
There is no use to "cuss," if ^{*the stocks go down*} ~~in politics,~~
As soon as you drop your little pile in,
For this is the luck of the average clown,
A sigh and a groan, and a "might have been."

There is no use to "cuss," if in politics,
You lose in the game, where you used to win,
For this is the way of political tricks,
That the Ins go out, and the Outs go in.

—A.

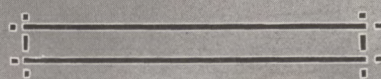
"I shouldn't have known you were a Sr. if you hadn't told me."—Dr. Sproles.

ATHLETICS





Miss Melkon



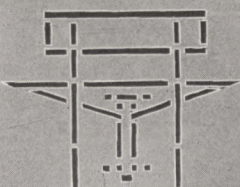
Miss McCall



Miss Lipsey



Miss Reese



Miss Lake



Miss Pruitt



Miss McPhail



Miss Stovall

SPONSORS.



DALE E. CHADWICK, B. S.

Athletic Director and Assistant in Chemistry.

Graduate Marietta Academy, Ohio, 1900; Marietta College, 1905-'07; Albion College, Mich., 1907-'08; Shurtleff College, Ill.; Athletic Director Shurtleff College, 1908-'09; Athletic Director Dakota Wesleyan University, 1909-'10.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

FOOT-BALL.



L'ALLEGRO 1912



CAPTAIN CONNER AND MANAGER RUSSELL.

The season of 1911 broadened the outlook for football in Miss. College. Coach Chadwick and his men appeared on the gridiron in the second week of September. After several days of hard practice they were ready to begin a schedule of games with the strongest teams in the South. With only two years of experience in football, M. C. trained and developed a team of new men, giving her bright prospects for a winning team in 1912. The team of '11 began work with only one man from the 'Varsity of the preceding year—now we have a nucleus for a new team, one of the strongest lines in the state. Miss. College expects and will in the near future be able to compete creditably with other institutions of Miss. and neighboring states.

With the A. & M. of Mississippi, Southern University, Tulane, L. S. U., U. of M. and L. I. I. on the schedule our men looked forward with pleasure to the opening of the season. True, some preferred more games at home, but the team took the long trips unflinchingly, saw the Co-Eds, and played a good steady game away from home.

Opening with A. & M. at Starkville, the state champions won by a score of 27-0. This gave us some good training, as was shown by our victory over Southern University the next week on our campus. The remaining games of the season were heavy, but our fellows were especially pleased with the results of the Tulane and U. of M. games.

The schedule for the coming year is almost complete. One or two of the teams of the past season will be dropped and several new ones added. Our annual Thanksgiving game with Howard College, which has been established at Meridian, will increase football interest materially. With the record of Connor, Henson, Tate and Stringer and Coach Chadwick to marshal the forces, we can look forward, feeling sure that our battles will be fought and victory will be ours.



Varsity Football Team

Conner, R. T.
Watson, L. T.
Henson, C.
Tate, F. B.
Lipsey, Q. B.

Massey, R. H.
Ballinger, L. H.
Thomas, R. G.
Jones, L. G.
Grice, R. E.

Stringer, L. E.
Russell.
Milton.
Underwood.
Stanley.









ALL-CLASS TEAM.



SENIOR TEAM.



JUNIOR TEAM.



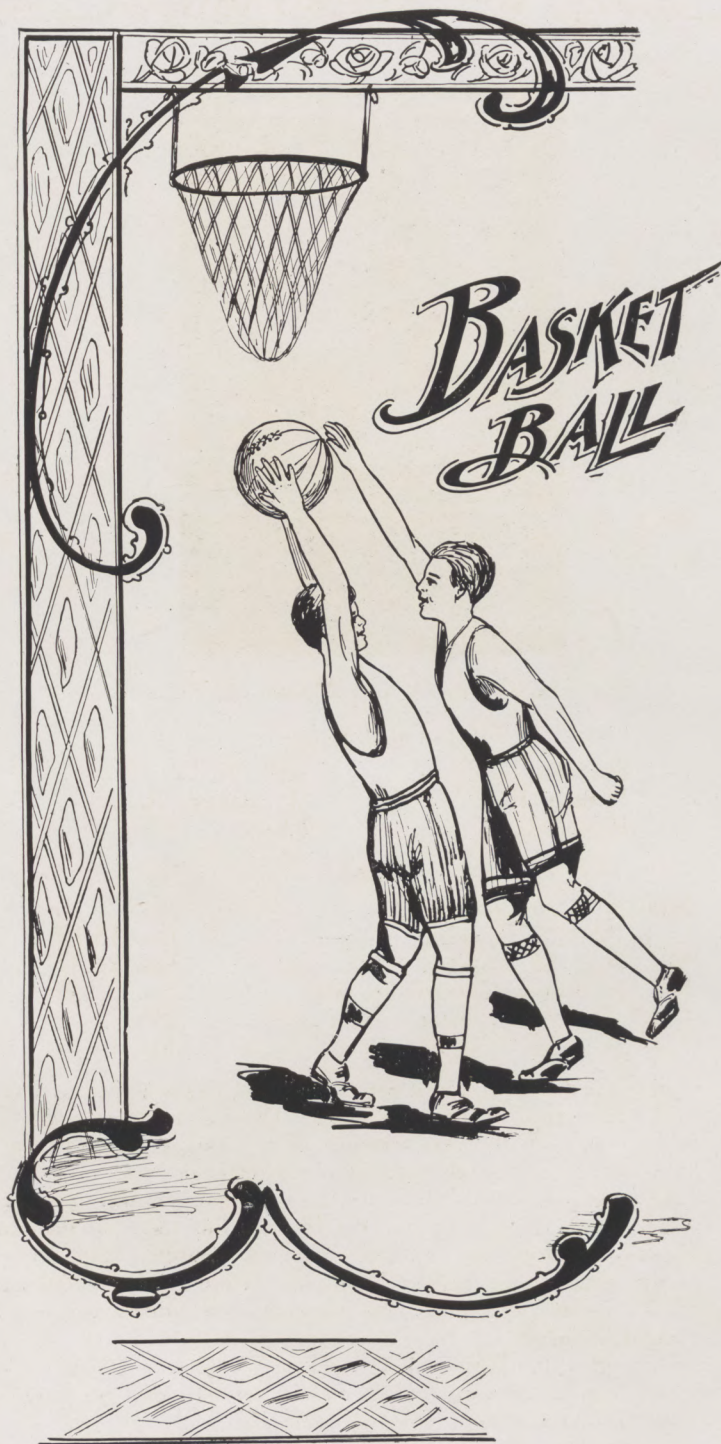
SOPHOMORE TEAM.



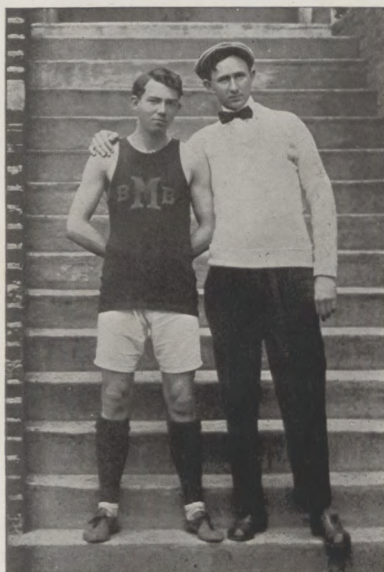
FRESHMAN TEAM.



PREPARATORY TEAM



L'ALLEGRO 1912



CAPTAIN ST. JOHN AND MANAGER ELLZEY.

Basketball Lineup:

St. John, L. F.	Kolb, R. G.
Henson, R. F.	Whittington, R. G.
Russell, L. G.	Ellzey, C.

Schedule.

Millsaps	Campus	Jan. 10
U. of M.	Campus	Jan. 18-19
Miss. A. & M.	Starkville	Jan. 26-27
Sou. University	Greensboro, Ala.	Jan. 30
C. M. C.	Newton	Feb. 2-3
Miss. A. & M.	Campus	Feb. 14-15

The basketball schedule was above par. Six games were played at home and six abroad. Capt. St. John and his braves invaded "The Land of Here We Rest" this year. They broke even with the Alabamians. The principal event of the trip was the lowering of the social and moral standard of the manager???

Although the team did not win the state championship, yet their playing was fast and furious. Russell was always a star. Ed Henson was there all the time. Kolb and Whittington proved themselves very fast and close guards. Capt. St. John was not only fast on the field, but he swelled Mississippi's score from the foul line. Manager Ellzey played a steady game, and to his efficiency as a business manager \$207.00, cleared, is a splendid testimony.

Henson, Whittington and Kolb will be back in the game next year. With these old men, along with the new recruits, before another season closes we have a presentiment that somebody will have to stop, look and listen.

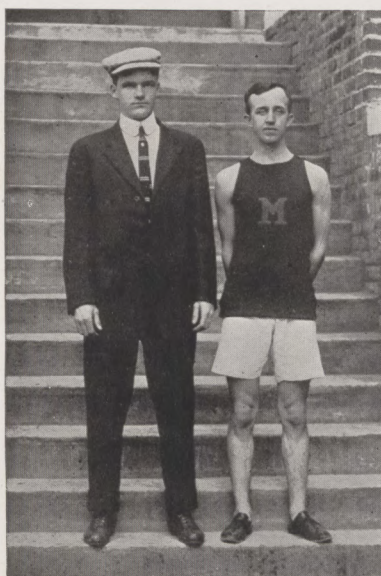
Watkins Henson couldn't kiss his sister at I. I. & C.



Varsity Basketball.







MANAGER DEES AND CAPTAIN STANLEY.

TRACK TEAM

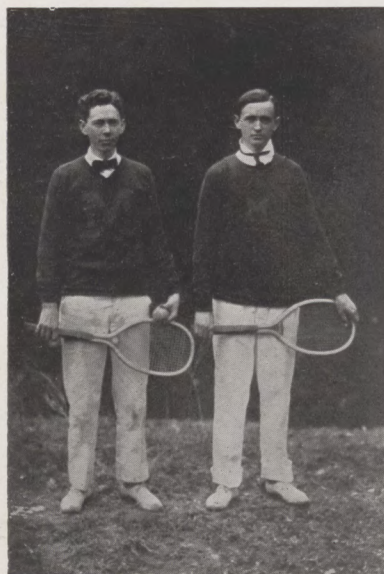
Dees.	Pope.	Martin.	Lovell.	Russell.
Gunn.	Middleton.	Stigler.	Stanley.	Shows.
Milton.	Nelson.	St. John.	Ballenger.	Wactor.







MANAGER MAYHALL.



MAYHALL AND WHITTINGTON,
Winners of Doubles.



GOLF

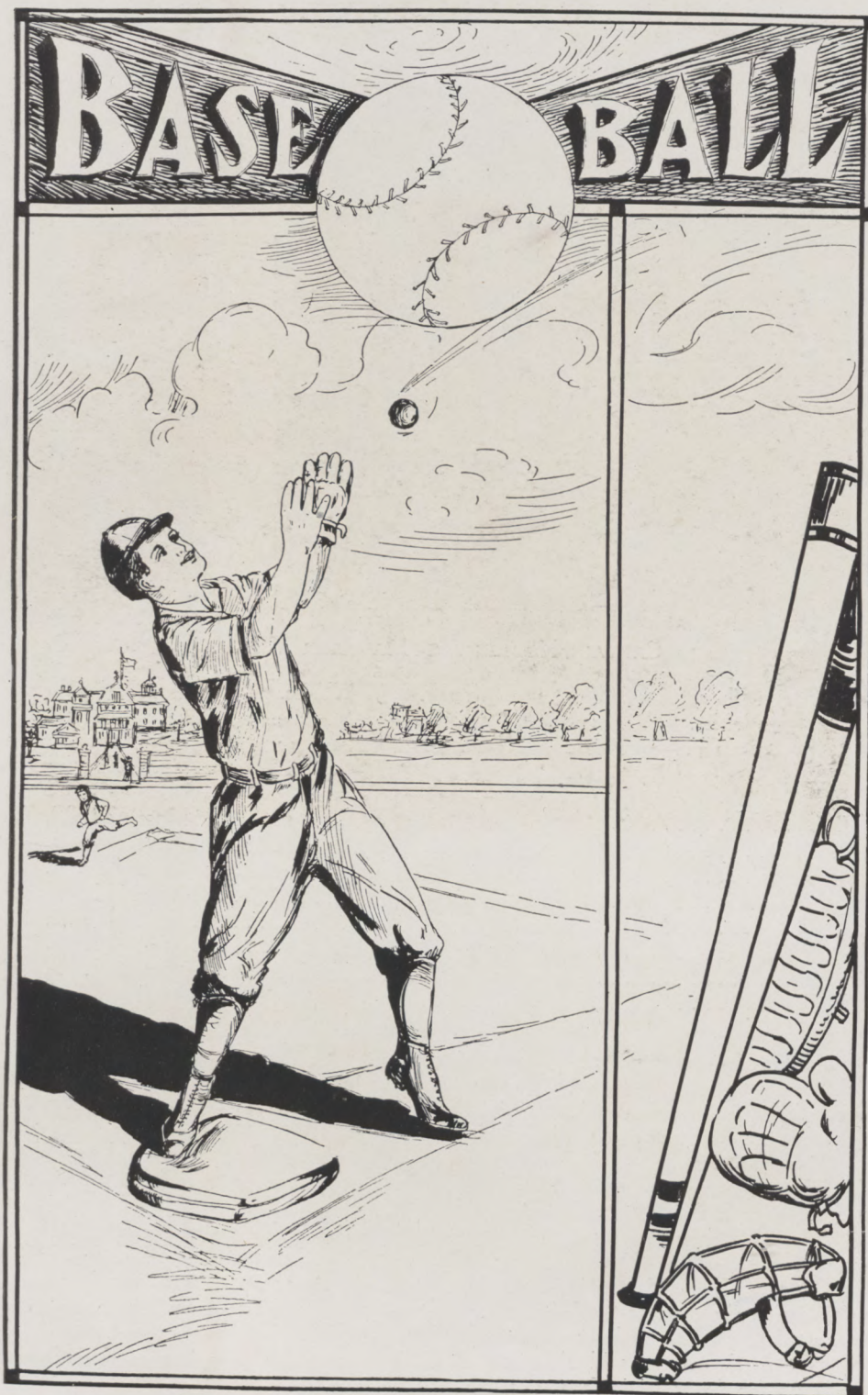


L'ALLEGRO 1912



GOLF

Prof. J. L. Johnson.	Holcomb.
Nelson.	Cooper.
Melton.	Whittington.
Simmons.	Thigpen.
Lloyd.	Dale.
Stanley.	Price, C. D.
Price, J. H.	Chastain.
	Wallace.



L'ALLEGRO 1912



CAPTAIN NOBLES AND MANAGER MILAM.

Milam.	Ballenger	Lipsev.	Nobles.	Denson.
Nobles.	Biggers.	Connerly	St. John.	Connor.
Denson.	Poole.	Steele.	Stringer.	

Schedule.

L. I. I.	Campus	March 28, 29, 30
L. S. U.	Baton Rouge	April 4, 5, 6
U. of Texas.	Austin	April 8, 9
Texas A. & M.	College Station	April 11, 12, 13
U. of M.	Campus	April 18, 19, 20
Miss. A. & M.	Starkville	April 25, 26, 27
Millsaps	Campus	May 2, 3, 4
L. I. I.	Ruston	April 16

About fifty men reported for practice the middle of February. It took very hard work to select the best players. The weather was very bad and not much work was done before the first of March. Coach Chadwick soon reduced the number to twenty men and these were put to test twice a day.

Ray, Stringer, St. John, Denson, Nobles and Milam were the only old men, but with Biggers, Ballenger, Poole, Steele, Connerly, Lipsey, Connor and Simmons the outlook is favorable for Miss. College.

This year brought with it the formation of the Mississippi Intercollegiate Athletic Association, composed of Miss. College, Miss. A. & M., University of Miss. and Millsaps College. The object of this union is to have the two best teams of the four play the championship game at the Miss. oratorical contest. M. C. has very bright prospects to repeat the same dose as last season to U. of M., and thus play at the contest.

Not much can be said about the L. I. I. games, for they just outclassed our team. As for the remaining games, only the future can tell. M. C. invades Texas this year for the first time, and if we can break even it will be a great advertisement for M. C.



'Varsity Baseball Team



WE'RE BUSY



"HERE'S WHERE WE GET OFF"





A Word Personal

Those who advertise with us have made it possible for us to get out this Annual. We appreciate their generosity, and urge that every Mississippi College Man show the same interest in regard to those who advertise with us as they show you through your College Annual.

Dutchie says, "Scratch the fellow's back that scratches yours." They have scratched—You fellows get right!

Remember our Clinton advertisers. They treat us right. Our Jackson friends can not be surpassed in generosity. And we are indeed proud of our Vicksburg advertisers. In addition to these, we can point you to many others who have supported us like brothers.

Our advertisers can supply every present need. The insurance companies are ready and anxious to provide for the future. The old line companies have been tried and found to be as good as gold, and that infant company in Vicksburg means business, you need not doubt. You can see it GROWING without *glasses*.

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If you have not tried us
DO IT NOW

We will guarantee to clothe you
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Clinton's Youngest Institution



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Students. :: :: :: :: :: ::

¶ Place with us, at the beginning of
session, your expense money and see
what a grrat convenience we can be
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W. T. LOWREY - Vice-President.
E. F. ANDERSON - - - Cashier.

F. M. Greaves, President :: :: :: :: :: :: Claude Posey, Ph. G.

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Soda Fountain. :: Prescriptions carefully
Compounded by a Graduate Registered
Pharmacist. :: :: :: :: :: ::

¶ Agents Jacobs Candies "made last night"

Courteous -:- Accurate :- Reliable

DON'T FORGET



We are the largest merchants in town and carry everything. We are in a position to take care of you. No matter what your wants are, we have it.

We can fit you up from your head to your feet.

We have everything that you can eat.

So don't forget to come to see us. If you are sick, Ring Number 25.

Remember we sell Tea Rose Flower.

We deliver everything.



Gaddis, McLaurin & Greaves

CLINTON, :: :: :: MISSISSIPPI

Blue Mountain College

Music: We have six piano teachers. Our director, after years of training under the best American teachers, spent three years in Germany. She has had twenty years of successful work as a teacher, and is pronounced by those who know as equal to many of the best teachers in our great Northern Conservatories. Among the assistants in piano are three brilliant graduates of the New England Conservatory.

Our voice teacher had four years in an excellent American Conservatory, and then studied nine years in Paris, France.

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A director of music who graduated at one of the best Conservatories in America, and spent a year studying in Germany.

As assistant in piano, we have a brilliant graduate of the New England Conservatory. Both piano teachers have had extensive and successful experience in teaching.

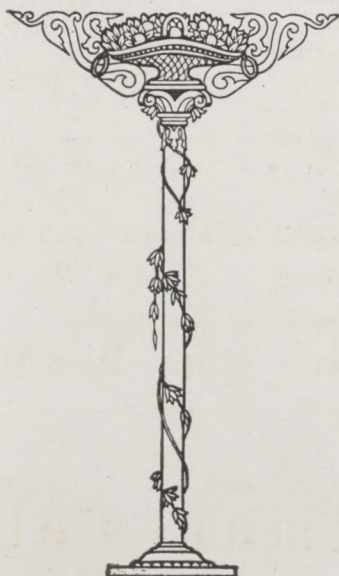
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REGULAR COLLEGE COURSE, ART, EXPRESSION.

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Mississippi Woman's College

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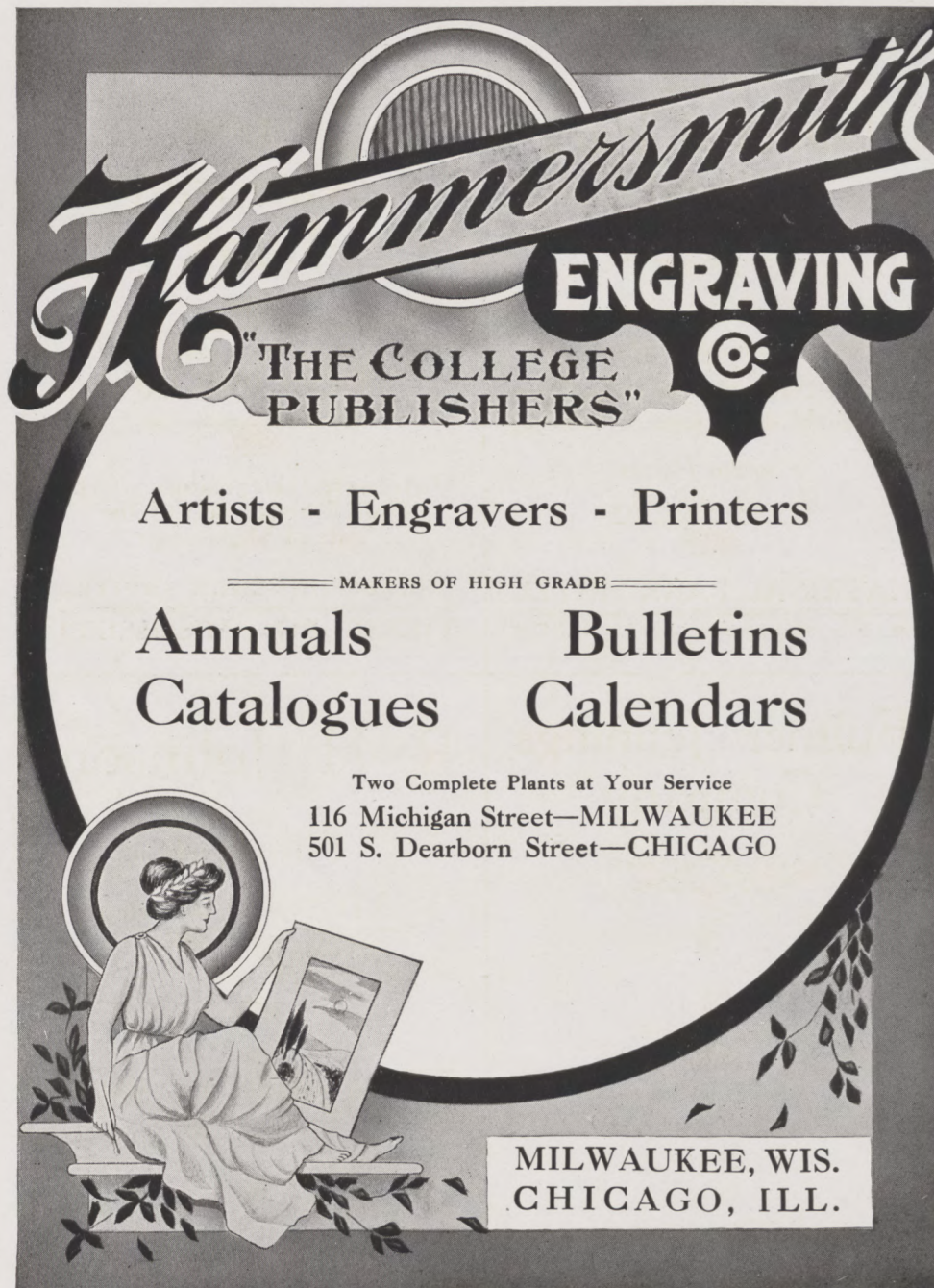
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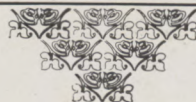


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